

SPECIAL BASEBALL ISSUE

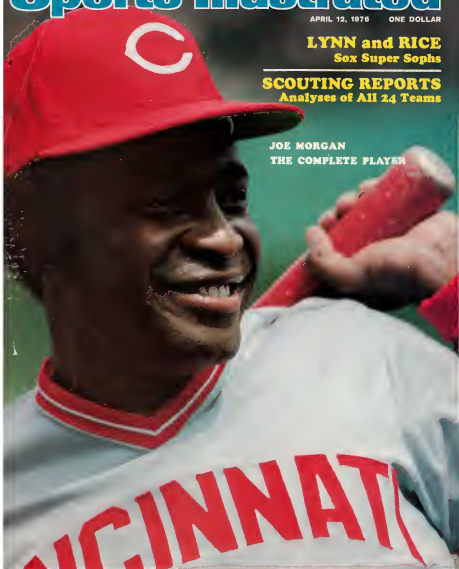
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 12, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

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SCOUTING REPORTS
Analyses of All 24 Teams

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THE COMPLETE PLAYER



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RAQUEL RAMATI

HOME: New York City

AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Architect/Urban Designer

HOBBIES: Graphic art, tennis, people.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Headed the urban design group which devised a plan to preserve and revitalize New York's Little Italy.

QUOTE: "The built environment is a reflection of our culture. A cityscape reveals where we are at, how we feel about our community and how much we respect ourselves. To an urban designer, a good urban environment is one which gives us a sense of place, joy, and freedom of choice."

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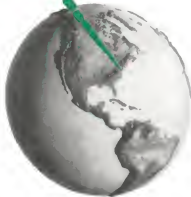
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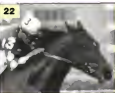
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MEN OF THE CLOTH, having discovered that Sunday is games rather than worship, are adapting. In the first part of a series, Frank Deford looks into the "Jocks for Jesus" movement.

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN TARDLEY

A COLLECTION OF OLD LARDNER PIECES PUTS A NEW LUSTER ON HIS REPUTATION

Ringgold Winter Lardner died in September 1933. He was 48 years old. Tuberculosis, heart trouble and alcoholism killed him. His funeral was private. The grief was not.

He was perhaps the most popular American writer of his day. His widow was overwhelmed by condolences from the people in sports, show business and journalism whom he loved: Jerome Kern, William L. Veeck (Bill's father), Will Rogers, Herbert Bayard Swope, F. Lee Collins, George S. Kaufman, Damon Runyon, Fielding Yost. Westbrook Pegler, who was at the World Series in Washington shortly after Lardner's death, organized a two-page letter to Mrs. Lardner that seems to have been signed by everyone who passed through the press box, baseball players and reporters alike.

Later that fall a piece called *Ring* appeared in *The New Republic*, written by a friend whose name evokes nostalgia for the '30s. The last paragraph reads:

"A great and good American is dead. Let us not obscure him by the flowers, but walk up and look at that fine medallion, all abraded by sorrows that perhaps we are not equipped to understand. Ring made no enemies, because he was kind, and to many millions he gave release and delight."

Scott Fitzgerald wrote that. He also wrote, in the same loving eulogy, these haunting lines.

"Whatever Ring's achievement was it fell short of the achievement he was capable of. . . Ring moved in the company of a few dozen illiterates playing a boy's game. A boy's game, with no more possibilities in it than a boy could master, a game bounded by walls which kept out novelty or danger, change or adventure."

"This material . . . was the text of Ring's schooling during the most formative period of the mind. A writer can spin on about his adventures after thirty, after forty, after fifty, but the criteria by which these adventures are weighed and valued are irrevocably settled at the age of twenty-five. However deeply Ring might cut into it, his cake had exactly the diameter of Frank Chance's diamond."

What beautiful words, and what wrong words. The dimensions of Lardner's accomplishments have been neglected or misunderstood for so long that he has almost passed from our consciousness. We may remember one or two of his classic lines—"You know me, Al," or, "Shut up, he explained"—but

his profound influence upon American writing seems to be largely forgotten.

Perhaps, with the publication of *Some Champions* (Scribner's, \$8.95), that situation will in some measure be corrected. Edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli and Richard Layman, with an introduction by Ring Lardner Jr. (whose Lardner family history will be published later this spring), *Some Champions* is a collection of 26 Lardner pieces published between 1911 and 1934. Sixteen are journalism, the others are fiction; most in varying degrees are autobiographical. Taken as a whole, the collection should help restore Lardner to the reputation he deserves.

This is not to say that it is top-of-the-line Lardner; there is no *Harcort* here, no *Golden Honeymoon*. But the material in *Some Champions* underscores two important points: Lardner's strong grounding in, and abiding affection for, baseball, and his eventual growth beyond "the diameter of Frank Chance's diamond."

No mistaking it, Lardner was a sports fan. Even in the early '30s, looking back with a certain affectionate cynicism to the Chicago teams he followed as a young reporter, he referred to the White Sox and Cubans as "we." He remained proud to the end of the old Central League, which he covered in 1906 from South Bend, and its "athletes like Rube Marquard, Donie Bush, Dan Howley, Jack Hendricks, John Ganszel, Goat Anderson and Slow Joe Doyle, to name a few." He remembered Ed Walsh as "the most willing, tireless and self-confident hurler that ever struck terror to the hearts of his opponents."

But even as he watched in admiration, he listened with sharp ears. The results were his *Buster's Letters*, first published in *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1914, in which he captured all the naive pretensions of folk ignorance—and established a model for the written expression of ordinary speech that opened new vistas for American writers. As Virginia Woolf wrote in 1925, "With extraordinary ease and aptitude, with the quickest strokes, the surest touch, the sharpest insights, [Lardner] lets Jack Keefe the baseball player cut his own outline, fill in his own depths, until the figure of the football, boastful, innocent athlete lives before us."

Bruccoli and Layman, with two previously uncollected Jack Keefe episodes, underscore that claim. Also, with a stunning stream-of-consciousness sketch called *Insomnis*, published two years before Lardner's death, they show us how far away from sports and into his own darkest artistic agonies he had moved late in life: it is a kind of soliloquy in which he acknowledges with harrowing honesty the despair he felt as, body and spirit failing, he tried to write stories that would make money and thus help pay the doctors and nurses.

He died before he found out what he could finally be. What he was, as this fine book suggests, was quite enough in itself. END



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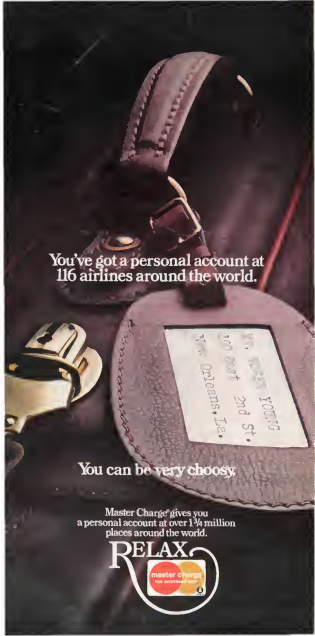
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MOVIE TALK

by MARTHA SWILGIS

TATUM O'NEAL DELIVERS A KNUCKLEBALL IN A KNUCKLEHEADED LITTLE LEAGUE EPIC

In *The Bad News Bears*, Walter Matthau plays Morris Buttermaker, an alcoholic who keeps himself one step above the gutter by working as a swimming pool-maintenance man. Once a pitcher for a Giants' farm team—a has-been who never really was—Buttermaker is bribed by a local honcho to coach his son's Little League team. The team, sponsored by Chico's Bad Boods no less, includes an egghead spouting baseball statistics, a tub-o-lard quoting his psychiatrist while stuffing his face and a would-be imitator of Henry Aaron. In short, twerps.

Their bungling is set to a jaunty score. Balls ricochet around the infield as they glance off mets and dribble from one player to another. There are mass collisions on left field, bouncing pitches and balls thrown home to the umpire while Catcher Engelberg (Gary Lee Cavanaugh), the human mitt, is taking another candy break.

In the first disastrous game, against last year's champs, a bleary-eyed Buttermaker shuffles out and holds the slaughter after the first half-inning of play with the score 26-0. He thereupon recruits hotshot pitcher Amanda Whurlizer (Tatum O'Neal), the daughter of his ex-girl friend, who is peddling maps of movie stars' homes to pay for ballet lessons that will shape her into a model. When challenged by Buttermaker as to whether she still has her stuff, she shows that she has not yet traded her glove for a suture. She strides to the mound, and unfurls an assortment of spitballs, curves, sinkers and knuckleballs (thrown by a double).

Although the film has all the ingredients for a crowd-pleaser—a lively script by Bill Lancaster, 26-year-old son of Burt, direction by Michael Ritchie (*Downhill Racer*, *The Candidate*, *Smile*) and a capable cast—it is a long haul to the happy ending.

Matthau is amusing, but the kids with their routine wisecracks, whoops and jeers are disappointing. Their shenanigans are not up to the standard of the Little Rascals. The required dose of schmaltz comes in the dug-out when Amanda tries to reconcile the relationship between Buttermaker and her mother. Tears flow, but who cares?

Because there is no explicit sex, blood-letting or exploding metal, the film is revolutionary by today's standards. But instead of a nice blend of sad and comic, profound and pathetic, we get only a hodgepodge. A cross between *The Dirty Dozen* and *Lilies of the Field* is hard to take.

END

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YOUR BOOK—AND GET PAID FOR IT

When some people write books they get literary prizes, academic appointments, invitations to smart parties, notes of approbation from major cultural figures of the time. I got a beer commercial.

I'm not complaining. I've done a TV ad for Iron City beer that will be shown in Pittsburgh during Pirate games. The ad is one of a series in which Bobby Layne will also appear as a "beer expert." When I went before the cameras I was told that Tony Roche was also scheduled. Roche is now out, but anyone mentioned in the same breath, so to speak, with an Australian and beer can count himself heavily regarded, and as for being included in a series with Bobby Layne, even if it isn't a series of draws, I have not been so overwhelmed by an association since I was

told by a hotel maid in Detroit that I had checked into a room that Rosemary Clooney had just checked out of. Also, I got \$2,500 for doing the commercial.

But I don't want to overemphasize the money angle. I do want to emphasize that I like that brand of beer. It is a good solid local liquid, like Lone Star in Texas, or red-eye gravy in Georgia. I would not go on television and lie.

"Hey," my son said, impressed. "Pretty soon you'll be the iconic man." But my children greet commercials, except those touting toys or sweets, with skepticism. "Sure!" they will shout at the screen, or "You're just saying that to get us to buy it!" I would not have them shout that at their father.

The ad people assured me that I could approve or disapprove the commercial's script. "And we thought it should center on your book..."

That did it. To plug his book is an author's highest obligation. I have heard that to promote *Huckleberry* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow agreed to stain his body with berries and paddle down the Charles River in a breachcloth. To be paid to plug one's book! To be paid \$2,500 to plug one's book!

But the thing was no snap. I showed up

with my "wardrobe." Wardrobe is not my strong suit. The ad people regarded my best clothes. They regarded my person. "Well, we saw him as ratty, right?" they said.

By noon they had lit me to their satisfaction. I was in a hotel room, supposedly writing a story. "When I came to Pittsburgh to write my book on the Stealers, *About Three Weeks Sky of a Load*, I didn't know what to expect," I recited. "I certainly didn't expect to find a beer like Iron City."

Then I did the "beauty pour." That means pouring a beer so that a big head rises right to the lip of the glass. Several times when I held the glass up to the light and went on with the praising of the product, it foamed over and ran down my arm. I stumbled over the word "super"—the sentence in the commercial read, "It's super." They brought on more beer. We did 52 takes. I poured 35 beers. I managed to take a sip out of three of them before they were taken away.

After the shooting, I was prevailed upon to sign a statement that I had meant everything I said. I felt as if I were signing a confession or a loyalty oath. But it was true, wasn't it? I signed.

Someone said of the ad, "It listens good." Like an author's word should. **END**

Jock itch?

Chafing? Rash?

Cruex.

Aerosol Spray or Squeeze Powder



We expect that fertilizer is fertilizer to some people. They put some on the lawn in the spring, still have those little bare spots all summer, and figure that's life.

Here on our grass research farm in Marysville, Ohio, we actually make bare spots come and go by how we use fertilizer.

Bare spots are usually a sign of undernourishment. To send out the new plants that help fill in a lawn, your grass needs more food than most soil has in it — nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, chiefly.

And it happens that the average fertilizer doesn't give your lawn enough food, either. You get a flash of green and think you've got something, and then a few weeks later all this activity simply quits. That was all the food your fertilizer had.

That's why we make Scotts' Turf Builder so that it holds some of its nitrogen back for later. We worked out a kind of "timing" process that releases this food slowly, so it will work on those bare spots for up to two months. (We have a U.S. Patent on the way our Turf Builder is made.)

If you aren't just plain glad you used this lawn fertilizer, we don't want to keep your money.

You might also like to know that the same patented process also keeps Turf Builder from burning your lawn. With some fertilizers, just a little too much and there goes the grass. But you could accidentally put on four times too much Turf Builder this spring. It still won't burn. You don't even have to water it in.

Grass like this takes more food than most soil has.



Now, one feeding will start thousands of new grass plants in your lawn in a few weeks. If you spend about 30 minutes with your spreader every couple of months, your grass will be so thick it will be hard to see the ground through it.

And we have a nice simple guarantee. "If for any reason you are not satisfied with results after using this product, you

are entitled to get your money back.

Simply send us evidence of purchase and we will mail you a refund check promptly."

You don't need a street address. We have been here in Marysville, Ohio, for 100 years.



Strolling in the grounds of
Blarney Castle, County Cork,
site of the famed Blarney Stone.

Discover the Magic that is IRELAND

Ireland is a very special, magical place. Scenery that's breathtaking. Evenings of gaiety that linger on in pleasant memories. Prices that evoke the good old days. A seat at the Abbey Theatre for \$3.25. A medieval feast in Bunratty Castle for \$12.95. The Shannon River. The Blarney Stone. Yeats Country. Dublin's pubs and restaurants. Hotels and guesthouses to suit all pockets

and tastes. And most of all, the Irish people with their traditional warmth for the stranger soon to be friend.

— We have lots of information for you, on flights, tours, prices, places, including our 32-page booklet, "Ireland Personally Yours". Just clip the coupon. Or see your professional travel agent for more information and reservations.

Medieval banquet in Bunratty
Castle, County Clare.



Irish Tourist Board AQ-61
Box 1200, Long Island City
New York, 11101

Free Booklets

Please send your free, 32-page, color booklet, "Ireland Personally Yours" and the Aer Lingus "Vacations '76" brochure, plus other materials on Ireland.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

My travel agency is _____

The warmth of a Dublin pub.





...and now it's time for a Cutty.



Buick TICK



TELEVISION
& APPLIANCES
BUY SELL TRADE



Love at first Buick.

It's happening with surprising frequency these days. People who've never really thought very hard about buying a Buick, spot a Buick Regal Coupe. And they suddenly start thinking very hard about buying a Buick.

See, Regal has a special talent for shaking up peoples' idea of what a Buick is.

This Buick is smaller. Rakish.

And it has what is by now the justifiably celebrated Buick V-6 engine.

Heck, here's a beautiful car with a really super interior—notebook seating, woodgrained applique in abundance, a big center armrest, stuff like that—but with very manageable dimensions and a most economical power plant.

According to EPA tests, a Regal Coupe with a standard Buick V-6 and available automatic transmission got 17 mpg in the city and 25 mpg on the highway (for California figures, see your Buick dealer). These are only estimates, of course. The mileage you get may vary according to how and where you drive, the condition of your car, and how you equip it.

Still, it's pretty neat when you can get that kind of a mileage rating from a Buick. Especially one as well turned-out as this one.

Something else.

When you buy a Buick, a Buick dealer is part of the deal. He's used to selling quality. Which has a whole lot to do with how he goes about the business of getting you and a new Buick together.

In any case, don't be too surprised if you wander by a Buick showroom and get a sudden, uncontrollable urge to buy a car you never thought you would.

It's happened to well over 250,000 people. Because well over 250,000 people have already bought 1976 Buicks.

It must be love.



BUICK Dedicated to the Free Spirit
in just about everyone.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

KAPP AND ANDY

Joe Kapp lost and Andy Messersmith won, and what does it all mean? The jury's rejection of Kapp's \$12 million suit against the New England Patriots and the National Football League was a victory—if limited—for the management side of sports, which had been in a long losing streak. NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle went so far as to say, "It's a possible turning point for settling these matters in collective bargaining rather than in court."

Perhaps, but NFL owners and players have failed to settle much, if anything, after two years of collective bargaining. Rozelle may mean that the owners' victory in Kapp's suit could jar the players into a less militant stand ("Gee, if Kapp lost in court, so could I") and a greater willingness to compromise. But if the owners set too much store by the Kapp decision, which involved a unique set of circumstances, they could become even more intransigent ("Hey, we won one; maybe we'll win another"), and a settlement in football's labor dispute never will be reached.

Meanwhile, baseball staggers on. The New York Yankees' retreat in the Messersmith affair indicates that they goofed badly—unless their strange behavior is evidence of Messersmith's contention that the owners in general are trying to diminish his value (and that of all free agents) in an open market. The New York Mets' repeated efforts to tarnish the image of their unsigned star, Tom Seaver, tends to add to this feeling. On another front in the baseball wars, the American League remained on a collision course with the National League on the question of Toronto as an expansion city. One American League executive accused Commissioner Bowie Kuhn of partiality in the dispute. "Kuhn was the National League's lawyer," the executive charged, "and he is the National League's commissioner."

Come on, let's play ball.

SO MUCH FOR SAM

Sam Snead revealed a few secrets of golf and some home truths at a golf show in Philadelphia last week.

"Put an old carpet down in your living room," he said, "and chip balls into a hushel basket. Chipping teaches you how to use your hands." Snead added that it was a good idea to practice a lot with a five-iron.

He also said he didn't believe his advice would prove terribly worthwhile: "I know some of you people think you are going to learn something here," he declared, "but I don't think you will."

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER

Nobody—not Babe Ruth nor Henry Aaron nor Casey at the Bat—ever had a day at the plate to equal that of Jim La Fountain, a 200-pound right-handed hitter who plays first base for the University of Louisville. Louisville's game with Western Kentucky the other day was called after five innings with Louisville ahead 26-4. In the five innings, La Fountain hit four home runs, three of them with the bases loaded, two of them in the same inning. He had 14 runs batted in. If a big-league batsman were able to sustain such a pace over a 162-game season, he would end the year with 1,166 home runs and 4,082 runs batted in.

ICELESS ICE

Although a reaction against artificial turf has occurred in football—the Orange Bowl is replacing its well-worn rug with PAT, the natural grass system developed at Purdue—in hockey the trend may be the other way. A plastic surface called Bounce has been installed in the Albie Booth Memorial Boys' Club in New Haven, Conn. and has received an enthusiastic response from skaters who have tried it. A thin layer of waxlike conditioner lubricates the Suntec for skating (dry, it can be used as a gym floor). Obviously, no refrigeration is needed, which means the "ice" can be used

all year round, indoors and outdoors.

Even professionals have been impressed. "At first I thought it was a little slower than ice," says Tom Colley, a forward with the New Haven Nighthawks of the American Hockey League, "but after a while I didn't notice the difference. I like it. I wish we had it when I was growing up in Canada. The little kids always got the worst ice then, all rutted. This doesn't rut."

THROWBACK

Now that Indiana and Michigan and UCLA and Rutgers have receded into history, it seems appropriate to release this report on another aspect of intercollegiate basketball:

"Southwestern at Memphis and The University of the South (Sewanee) have one of those rivalries so important to college sports," writes Arthur Kellerman of Southwestern. "After recent defeats by Sewanee in varsity football and basketball, Southwestern's intramural basketball champions decided to take matters into their own hands. A challenge was sent and accepted, and the team took to the road to play the first annual Southwestern-Sewanee Extramural Basketball Championship. In all, seven players, four girl friends and three varsity football players (as bodyguards) made the trip. Fortified with a free meal and several pregame beers, Southwestern's athlete-students gunned Sewanee's champs off the floor 75-38. Total expense for the trip (gas, food and beer), \$25.

"Given time, it is said that history repeats itself. Intercollegiate sports were born from such challenges, and the satisfaction of such competition is still keen. Let anyone doubt the players' academic credentials, three of Southwestern's starting five are Phi Beta Kappa."

A DRAWBRIDGE TOO FAR

Maybe Canada will get some fun out of the Olympics, after all. Last week listeners to radio station CJAD in Montreal felt their hackles rise as Broadcaster Andy Burne reported that in casual conversation in London with "Mr. Basil Ormsby-Jones, Keeper of the Queen's Person," he had been told that a small castle was being built on the banks of the St. Lawrence to house Queen Elizabeth and her entourage this summer when she visits Montreal to open the Olympic Games. The castle, complete

continued

with moat and drawbridge, would cost \$4 million, Barrie said, and the expense would be borne by Canada. He said CJAD had contacted Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau's office for confirmation.

Phones at the station began ringing almost instantly. "About half of those who called were really upset," says Barrie. The other half enjoyed the April Fools' spoof.

ENJOY, ENJOY

Montreal can also be buoyed by a comment from Epictetus, the Greek Stoic philosopher who more or less counseled the downer we gave you last week from Gaius Maecenas, the Roman statesman who warned citizens against spending too much money on Olympic preparations. Epictetus says, "But some unpleasant and hard things happen in life. And do they not happen at Olympia? Do you not swelter? Are you not cramped and crowded? Do you not bathe badly? Are you not drenched whenever it rains? Do you not have your fill of tumult and shouting and other annoyances? But I fancy that you bear and endure it all by balancing it off against the memorable character of the spectacle." Way to go, Epictetus.

OSCAR FOR SPOT NEWS

Sports-conscious Elliott Gould, who did a highly commendable job as the doctor-turned-quarterback in the motion picture version of *M.A.S.H.*, was one of those picked to salute the victors in last week's Academy Awards show. When the magic words, "And the winner is..." were intoned, Gould said, "Indiana 86-68." He got a big hand, either from Hoosier fans in the audience or those who wished they had stayed home to watch the NCAA finals on TV.

FLYING HIGH

Sailplanes, those lovely aircraft that soar silently with the wind, are fun to fly, and drifting around the sky in one of them is not usually considered a daredevil adventure. But now Dr. Brenning James of Great Britain proposes to soar along the south face of

Annapurna, in the Himalayas, and ride air currents up to its 26,502-foot summit. He'll use a Motor Cirrus, a small glider with a retractable engine. Dr. James' flight will begin from an airstrip 35 miles south of Annapurna at an elevation of 2,900 feet, where his craft will be towed into the air. Once aloft, he'll use the engine to gain enough altitude to get into a high-rising thermal. Then the engine will be tucked away and Dr. James will hop along from thermal to thermal at about 12,000 feet until he arrives in the neighborhood of the rocky Annapurna ridge.

AMERICAN PASTIME

Dedicated to Cook & Lisapetto

I heretofore establish my own Baseball Hall of Fame.

For alliteration, for example, I enshrine Frankie Frisch, the Fordham Flak.

For future fame in other areas.

Albert Schweitzer (St. Louis, A.L., 1906-1911).

They called him "Cheese," so with him

I further honor Clarence Beers and Sweethearts Bailey,

Hot Potato Hamlin and Noodles Hahn, Ginger Baumont,

Sugar Cam, and Honey Walker

(From Beaville, Texas). Also, Bob Sturgeon,

Oyster Burns, Catfish Hunter, Sea Lion Hall, and

George Haddock, whose locker was next to Devy Jones'.

I add sure-fingered Tom Butters,

Luke Appling, Eddie Bacon and Puddin' Head Jones,

George Bone and Stew Bolen, Rabbit Maramile and

Bunny Brief, Dave Brain and Dodo Bird,

Turkeyfoot Brower, Deerfoot Bay and Reindeer Killefer.

Since one must be mad or built like a

Bench to play catcher, immortalized also

Are Earl Batsey and Matt Batts.

A special velvet-lined niche for the man

Who led the National League in hits

In 1926 (with 201)—

Glass Arm Eddie Brown

I add another Brown: Mordecai Peter

Centennial (thors, of course, in 1876),

Also known as "Three Finger" Brown,

Because that's how many he had on his

Throwing hand (lifetime 229 wins, 131 losses).

But M.P.C.' "T.F." Brown must yield his share

Of his huge gallery in my special Hall of Fame

To Christian Frederick Albert John Henry David

Betzel, whom they called "Bruno," for some reason.

My Hall of Fame will house an armory, as some

Museums do, for the display of weapons like

Shotgun Shabo and Gunboat Gumbert,

Boom-Boom Beck, Roxy Snipes, Ray Blades and

Poison Ivy Andrews (who will be endowed with

A glass case all his own). And, of course,

A chapel for Preacher Roe, Deacons Scott

And MacFadden, Howie Nunn, Johnnie Priest,

Maurice Archdeacon, Max Bishop, and Dave Pope.

Amen.

—H. R. COURSON

Because there are few detailed maps of the area, photographs taken by mountain-climbing expeditions have been used to analyze the structure of the ridge and its probable wind conditions. Three spurs running south from the main ridge are expected to provide helpful updrafts, but on a calm, cool day it may be necessary to fly as close as 30 feet to the stone face of the mountain in order to find an upward flow of air.

The photographs also show persistent cloud cover at the 12,000-14,000-foot level. At this height Dr. James could suddenly find himself cut off from visual contact with the ridges, peaks and valleys below him. Too, the high-altitude, high-speed jet stream passes not far above the Himalayas, and some meteorologists say it may flow directly along the Annapurna ridge, which could create severe turbulence.

Put it all together, tiny aircraft, towering mountains, uncharted country, heavy clouds, high winds. It's a far cry from lazing along in the sun over the plains of West Texas.

THEY SAID IT

- Steve Smith, record-breaking professional pole vaulter: "I never did like team sports because of the coaches. In individual sports they coach you to develop specific skills, but in team sports they just yell at you. If I wanted somebody to yell at me, I'd join the Army."

- Ron Myer, new SMU football coach, after a first look at his players in spring practice: "We've got to become a better hitting team. Each guy has \$400 worth of equipment out there, and from the looks of things, nothing is going to get broken or smashed up."

- Cotton Fitzsimmons, who had just been dismissed as Atlanta Hawks coach, arriving 15 minutes late for a posturing press conference: "I didn't realize how many people there were in the unemployment lines."

- Wren Blair, Pittsburgh Penguins president, asked if Ken Schinkel was an interim coach: "Aren't all coaches interim coaches?"

END

At TWA, being the best isn't everything. It's the only thing.

There's something about competition that brings out the best in people. The tougher the challenge, the better they perform.

TWA people face the toughest challenge in the airline business, because TWA flies against more competition than any other airline.

So if we want your business, we have to be a better airline.

The next time you're planning to fly, call your Travel Agent and ask for TWA. And find out how great it is to be on an airline that says, "Being the best isn't everything. It's the only thing."



Better teamwork. Long before your plane takes off, a TWA team is doing the groundwork. They're working mind the clock to make sure everything goes smoothly on your flight. So on it come back to the TWA counter, and put the time next door.

More carry-on luggage compartments.

TWA introduced carry-on luggage compartments, and today we have them on more planes than any other airline. If you want to see what our competitors will be doing tomorrow, fly with us today.



TWA.
The On-Time Airline.

On-time commitment.

At TWA, we're committed to giving you the best on-time performance to every city we fly to. We take your time seriously, so you'll take TWA rather than some other airline.

TWA

HE'S A BEAUT, HONEST

A 3-year-old with intimations of greatness took another big stride toward the Roses in the Florida Derby

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

The sun may shine bright on that old Kentucky home three weeks hence, but after Honest Pleasure's breeze in last Saturday's Florida Derby, it is not likely to shine on very many competing horses. In winning his sixth straight stakes race Honest Pleasure turned Gulfstream Park's showcase event into little more than a profitable canter, worth \$91,440 of the \$152,400 purse to his owner, Bert Firestone.

Last month Honest Pleasure won the Flamingo by 11 lengths and paid \$2.60. This time he won by an easy three lengths and paid \$2.10—the lowest win payoff in the 51-year history of racing in Florida. Honest Pleasure ran the 1½ miles in 1:47½, a second slower than when he routed a field of seven in the Flamingo, but this race was only a workout, a jaunt in front of a field of five opponents. Still, it was a more important race than the Flamingo, because it was used to determine if the headstrong colt could be rated. The provisional verdict: yes, it is possible. So, too, is a Triple Crown.

After the race his jockey, Braulio Baeza, said Honest Pleasure "hasn't run up to his capacity, not yet. He ranks with the top 3-year-olds I have ever ridden, if not above them." And Baeza is a man who does not go overboard for a horse, particularly a 3-year-old.

At noon the next day Honest Pleasure was shipped to Lexington to await the \$100,000 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, his last race before the Derby. If his streak continues he will go to Lou-

isville as the hottest favorite since Native Dancer. The betting on Honest Pleasure in the Florida Derby was fascinating, an example of how the public reacts to a horse if they believe it to be genuine. Listed at 2 to 5 in the morning line, Honest Pleasure went down to 1 to 9 on the first tote board flash and never budged (actually he was 1 to 20; the tote board can show no lower odds than 1 to 9). Of the \$283,299 bet, \$201,797 was on him. The win pool showed \$130,304 on Honest Pleasure, an average of \$5,345 on the other starters. Gulfstream's mutual department had to double-man the \$100 and \$50 win windows to keep up with the action, each seller being given a deputy to count money as he punched out tickets. That is the kind of respect only horses like Secretariat are supposed to get. Before the race, Trainer LeRoy Jolley said, "Sure, Honest Pleasure won the Flamingo by 11 lengths, and if he doesn't win the Florida Derby by at least that much some people will say he isn't what he's cracked up to be. Well, horses don't win many races by 11 lengths. The Flamingo was an exceptional performance by Honest Pleasure. But I certainly don't think he will win this one by 11. I also don't think he will lose it."

On race morning H. A. (Jimmy) Jones, a man who had his hand in five Kentucky Derby victories with Calumet Farm, stood near the rail at nearby Hialeah watching sets of horses passing by in workouts. "When we had the big horses—Citation, Coaltown, Ponder,

Gen. Duke, Mark-Ye-Well—they never won by 11 lengths," said Jones, "and I don't think Honest Pleasure will win the Florida by 11 lengths. Our horses never won by that much if we could help it. Honest Pleasure is a tremendous racehorse, but today will probably be one of those days when he isn't asked to extend himself. Jolley will probably experiment with him to get the horse ready for the Kentucky Derby, but I would be shocked if he got beat."

"Nothing really matters until the first Saturday in May. If he wins again today, Lord knows who else will be strong enough to be in the Kentucky Derby against him."

Honest Pleasure went to the front at the start and, indeed, skipped along as he pleased, Baeza spending most of the trip looking back to find his opposition. Proud Birdie, the second choice in the betting, ran close most of the way but never got within two lengths of the winner. In the stretch Birdie said bye-bye and a 30-to-1 shot named Great Contractor came on to finish second.

Up North, Zen was a hard-driving winner of the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct, to remain undefeated in five starts. But he will not have people parading in downtown Louisville. He ran rank at times and did not look like a horse capable of challenging Honest Pleasure. Out at Oaklawn Park, Elucutionist won the \$135,800 Arkansas Derby by 2½ lengths and probably earned a trip to Churchill Downs. On the West Coast, An Act and Telly's Pop have been beating one another up, and in New York Bold Forbes stands in the wings. But at present none is the equal of Honest Pleasure. He makes his opposition look like just a bunch of horses.

END



Under a snug hand ride Honest Pleasure flies down the homestretch ahead of a faltering Proud Birdie and finishes unchallenged.



In the winner's circle Jockey Braulio Baeza, seconded by Owner Earl Firestone and his wife, gives his mount a fond pat on the mane.

GOOD TIMES ROLL FOR SHIRLEY

Based on performances at the AAU indoor championships, America's women swimmers better pick up on the beat set by Shirley Babashoff if they hope to catch the East Germans at Montreal **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

Don't let that laid-back air of Shirley Babashoff's fool you: she bears on her tanned shoulders the full burden of the U.S.'s proud tradition in women's swimming. Indeed, as the apple-cheeked Californian busily splashed her way to a pair of victories, a second and a third last weekend, one shuddered to imagine where this country's women's swim fortunes would be without her.

The occasion was the national AAU championships in Long Beach's Belmont Plaza pool, where the U.S. Olympic Trials will be held in mid-June. As the best American swimmers—and a generous sampling of top foreigners—went at one another for four days, it became increasingly hard to believe that just four years ago at Munich U.S. women had won eight of a possible 14 Olympic gold medals. That, of course, was shortly before the East German women slipped into their then during skin suits and

sent the Americans into a swoon from which they have yet to recover. The only women's world record currently in U.S. hands is Babashoff's in the 400-meter freestyle.

This circumstance gives her a *de facto* leadership she seems happy to assume. "I think the American girls are going to surprise people at Montreal," she enthused, trying to bolster morale before the AAU meet. "We're going to do better than anybody thinks."

The roiling waters at Long Beach produced little to justify such optimism. When California teen-ager Linda Jezek won the 100-meter backstroke and lowered her American record to 1:04.45, 2,300 fans found themselves cheering a time almost two seconds slower than the world record established last month by the GDR's Ulrike Richter. At that, Jezek was in a stronger position than 14-year-old Nicole Kramer, whose 2:19.01

in the 200 butterfly was five seconds above East German Rosemarie Kother's pending world record.

In fact, Babashoff alone among the American women emerged from the meet looking anything like a serious contender for Olympic gold, particularly in her middle distance specialties. Wearing the black goggles and yellow bathing cap that have become her trademarks, she slashed through the water to win the 400 freestyle, then took the 200 free, but on Sunday night, going from one distance extreme to another with only 15 minutes' rest, she finished a narrow second in the 100 free and third in the 800. In the 400, Babashoff hit the wall in 4:15.82, barely a second shy of her world record. In the 200 she finished less than three-tenths of a second off the 2:02.27 world record held by Kornelia Ender, the queen of GDR swimming. When the meet was over, not even Babashoff at her think-positive best

Resting before near-record performances, Babashoff was optimistic about U.S. chances. Later she said, "There was nobody out there with me."



was ready to make claim that there had been much competition.

"I think I could have broken the world record if I'd been pushed," she said after the 400, "but there was nobody out there with me."

Still, there remained the feeling that at least a few American women could yet help Babushoff against the East Germans at Montreal. Behind such optimism was the fact that Long Beach hardly provided a true Olympic reading. Customarily, the AAU's spring meet is held in a 25-yard pool, but this year, with an eye on Montreal, the decision was made to stage it in the oceanfront 50-meter Olympic Trials pool. The trouble was that the 1,028 entrants—a swarm that made morning warmups resemble Coney Island on a shimmering summer Sunday—were operating on 1,028 different training schedules.

It was especially hard to gauge the performance of the college men, who had swum the NCAA meet in a 25-yard pool the week before. Southern Cal's John Naber adjusted nicely, winning both backstroke events and lowering his American record in the 100 to \$6.99. But hometown hero Tim Shaw, the Long Beach State freshman who had defeated Naber in a dramatic 500 and set two American records a week earlier, fared far less well. Three days before the AAUs, Long Beach Coach Dick Jochums, looking ahead to the Olympic Trials, had shifted Shaw from a restful 4,000-meters-a-day regimen to an all-out 14,000-meter training grind.

Swimming heavy-armed and rubber-legged, Shaw failed to make the eighth-man finals in the 200 freestyle, settling for 12th place. In the 1,500, an event in which he held the world record (15:20.91) until Australian Steve Holland broke it in February, Shaw swam a dismal 16:18.69 to finish 22nd. Shaw still holds the world record of 3:53.31 in the 400, but in that event, too, he failed to make the finals, struggling to a 4:04.77 in the consolation heat for 11th overall. The winner, in 3:56.48, was Doug Northway, who was ineligible for the NCAA's, having transferred from Washington to Arizona. A bronze medalist in the 1,500 at Munich, Northway used to be so scrawny that once he was blown off a starting block by a gust of wind. He carries no more than 150 pounds on his 6'2"

frame, but in winning the AAU 400 he gained some psychological heft that Tim Shaw and his coach could scarcely be happy about.

"I blew it, that's all," grieved Jochums, willingly accepting a blame that Shaw as willingly shared. "I just didn't give a good effort," Shaw said. "I think it's going to make me hungry. I know it's made me mad."

If the week was one of woe for Shaw, it produced a world record—the only one of the meet—for visiting Hungarian Zoltan Verraszto. A tiny figure with street-urchin features, the 20-year-old Verraszto arrived in the U.S. with a delegation that also included Andras Hargitay, the record holder in the 400 individual medley. Known primarily as a backstroke, Verraszto snatched the record away from his countryman, leading Hargitay and Csaba Sos to a one-two-three Hungarian sweep. The winning time of 4:26 bettered Hargitay's mark by nearly three seconds.

"I'm shocked," confessed Hargitay, who like Verraszto hopes to enroll at Indiana University next fall and swim for Doc Counsilman. "I never dreamed Zoltan would go that fast."

If the 400 IM final made it seem more like the Hungarian than American championships, it was no more disorienting than the record-smashing swims turned in by England's Christine Jarvis and America's Wendy Boghli. Jarvis, who as a teen-ager played cornet in a Salvation Army band, is 26, an age at which swimmers are supposed to be content with their memories. Perhaps because she has few memories to sustain her—she failed to reach the finals in Munich in the 100-meter breaststroke, her specialty—Jarvis quit her job as a music teacher, sold her Austin 1300 and came to the U.S. to swim on the women's team at Alabama. In Long Beach she churned to a British record of 1:14.7 in the 100 breaststroke, lending credence to her claim that age is more help than hindrance. "I find I'm more relaxed than when I was 17," she said.

Being all of 21, Wendy Lunsback Boghli is not quite as ancient as Jarvis, but she is married—which many swim coaches consider an even greater drawback. Yet it was only after Wendy, a so-so swimmer in her single days, joined the team at New Jersey's Monmouth College, pared her 5'11" self from 180

pounds to 140 and married Bernie Boghli that she blossomed as a swimmer. Her husband, a former distance swimmer, helps coach her. "We eat, drink and sleep swimming," says Wendy, and when she won the 100 butterfly at Long Beach in a U.S.-record 1:02.14, Bernie knocked over three folding chairs on his dash to congratulate her.

Jarvis and Boghli have benefited from an upsurge in women's collegiate swimming that bodes well over the long haul, if not necessarily for Montreal. Another collegian conspicuous at Long Beach was Leese Sward, a willowy University of Miami sophomore who used to have flowing blonde hair. Now she is bald. Borrowing a practice hitherto confined to men swimmers, she shaved her head to make herself sleeker in the water before last month's AAU meet and did it again last week, which may or may not have contributed to her fourth-place finish in the 100 fly won by Boghli. Spectators gasped when they saw her, but Sward said with a shrug. "It doesn't bother me. I guess I'm pretty easygoing."

Also destined to join the ranks of women collegians—although with no intention of shedding her lank blonde hair—is Babushoff, who plans to be swimming for the UCLA women's team next year. She is now finishing up at Golden West College, a two-year school where she competes on the men's team and last fall was elected campus homecoming queen. As a skinny 15-year-old at Munich, Babushoff won a gold medal on the U.S. 400-meter-freestyle relay team and added two silvers in individual events. She emerged as the dominant U.S. woman scarcely a year later and has been on top ever since, practically an eternity for a woman swimmer.

Until recently Babushoff was known as a come-from-behinder who preferred to nip rivals in the last few meters rather than risk taking command of a race earlier. But in the 400 free at Long Beach she burst into the lead before the 150-meter mark and pulled steadily away from Pan-American Games star Kathy Heddy and Canadian Shannon Smith. "I realized they were going so slow," she said later. In the wait-till-June atmosphere that otherwise prevailed around the Belmont pool, Shirley Babushoff's impatience seemed, in an Olympic year, auspicious. **END**

WAR IN THE PACIFIC

Three teams, two playoff spots—and the Suns, SuperSonics and Lakers had to spend the last days of the season battling to see who got left out

by JOE JARES



Armed conflict: Abdul-Jabbar vs. Nicholson

There is a marvelous scene in the Oscar-winning film *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* in which Jack Nicholson and a giant Indian he calls Chief lead the patients at an insane asylum to victory over their attendants in a basketball game. With the exception of Golden State and Portland—the former serene in victory, the latter resigned in last place—the NBA's Pacific Division is kind of manic itself nowadays, and Nicholson is a frequent spectator of the frenzied action from his courtside seat at Los Angeles Laker home games.

Last week, as the season drew to a close, the Lakers, the Phoenix Suns and the Seattle SuperSonics were in a tight, dog-eat-dog scramble for the two remaining playoff spots. One night Laker Guard Gail Goodrich paused by Nicholson's seat before the game.

"We really need Chief now," he said.

"Nah," said Nicholson, "he can only get this high off the floor." He didn't point very high.

In Portland on another night last week, Phoenix Guard Paul Westphal sat in the stands watching his teammates warm up and compared the two coaches he's played for in the pros—John MacLeod of the Suns and Tom Heinsohn of the Boston Celtics.

"MacLeod would have made a fantastic preacher," he said. "He sees a crippled guy and he comes in and uses it in his pregame talk. He says, 'He didn't have one of these,' and he slaps his arm, 'but he was still smiling.' I counted 72 bleeps in Heinsohn's halftime talk in a Christmas Day game. Seventy-two! I was sitting in back keeping count."

MacLeod's sermons must have some effect, because Phoenix, which has struggled into the playoffs only once since it joined the league in 1968, was the nearly unanimous pick to finish last in the division this season. Instead, at the end of last weekend, the Suns were in third place, just behind Seattle but ahead of the Lakers, a team blessed with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and four other men who

have played on championship teams.

The Suns are much better on hardwood than on paper. In two important road wins last week, 100-97 over L.A. and 113-97 over New York, and in all their other recent games, the Suns started two rookies, Center Alvan Adams and Guard Ricky Sobers, two forwards who have bounced around the league a bit, Curtis Perry and Garfield Heard, and Westphal, who was a substitute for three seasons with Boston.

The Phoenix surge dates from Heard's arrival from Buffalo just after the All-Star break. Suns General Manager Jerry Colangelo gave up John Shumate, the team's first-round draft choice in 1974, to get Heard, and Phoenix fans were not happy about it. But in his first game in a Phoenix uniform, Heard scored 17 points and grabbed 13 rebounds and the Suns beat Golden State.

"All of a sudden he went from villain to hero," says Colangelo.

Shortly after Heard arrived, Guard Dick Van Arsdale broke his left arm and was replaced by Sobers, who had starred at Nevada, Las Vegas. Sobers has turned out to be much steadier as a starter than coming off the bench, and Van Arsdale, 33, will have a difficult time getting his job back.

Sobers brings the ball up most of the time, and defends against the smaller, quicker guards like Nate Archibald and Calvin Murphy, freeing Westphal to do what he does best—steal passes, move without the ball, shoot and entertain the fans with some of the most acrobatic moves in the NBA. Since the All-Star break Westphal has averaged better than 23 points a game and shot comfortably over .500. In the win over L.A., the game that may have killed the Lakers' playoff chances, he scored 27.

Last Friday night, at home against Portland and its now-healthy-again center, Bill Walton, Phoenix ran up a robust 19-point lead before almost blowing the game. As usual, it was Westphal who made the clutch play. The winning basket came when he blocked Barry Clemens' shot, recovered the ball and passed to Adams, who hit Perry for a lay-up with 14 seconds left.

Westphal gives the credit to Adams, the 6'9" would-be doctor who would be finishing his senior year at Oklahoma if he hadn't decided to turn pro.

"Before, he'd explode for big scoring games more often," says Westphal. "But now he's more consistent. He's the backbone of the team. We wouldn't be anywhere near the playoffs without him."

By a quirk of scheduling, the NBA Pacific teams were playing each other last week in a cutthroat game of musical chairs. Phoenix, which is battling Seattle for the home-court advantage in the first round of the playoffs, was in second place Monday morning, in third on Thursday, back to second Saturday and in third again after losing Sunday night. Meanwhile, L.A. stewed in fourth place, hoping for a miracle.

The sad truth in L.A. is that Coach Bill Sharman's days seem to be numbered. The Lakers have not sold out a regular-season home game in two years and their road record for the same period is a dismal 18-62. When Laker Owner Jack Kent Cooke traded half the team for Abdul-Jabbar last summer, it was believed that he had acquired for himself the NBA title, or at least a contending team.

Nobody thought that L.A. might fail to make the playoffs for a second straight year, but the Lakers were on the brink of that calamity last week.

Speculation on who might succeed Sharman, who has coached championship teams in three different pro leagues, involved Indiana Coach Bobby Knight, ex-Laker Jerry West and Cleveland Coach Bill Fitch. The gossip intensified Wednesday night when L.A. turned in a weak performance in losing at Seattle 120-109. The defeat was the Lakers' ninth in their last 10 televised-back-to-L.A. games, in which the average margin of defeat has been almost 10 points. Not a great stimulus for the box office.

Whether any of this was Sharman's fault, or the players' or the ballboys', it was the Lakers' lack of fire that drew the greater criticism. Faced with imminent disaster, the Lakers should have been diving after loose balls and leaping like demons for rebounds. Against Seattle most of them appeared to be drained of emotion.

But Seattle has been a solid club all season long. In fact, the Sonics have been on a tear almost as impressive as Phoenix'. The Wednesday victory over L.A. was their 12th straight at home and their seventh win in their last eight games. The



On a frenzy, Westphal drives around Portland's Litzel Nest, masked because of a cheek injury.

Sonics are exceptionally strong in the backcourt, with Slick Watts averaging 13 points a game and going for an unprecedented NBA double, the season leadership in both steals and assists. Fred Brown, the fifth-year man out of Iowa, is the fifth-leading scorer in the league even though he doesn't start (Herm Gilliam opens with Watts).

"Fred has the potential to be one of the alltime great guards because he can do so many things," declares Coach Bill Russell.

Seattle also gets fine, spirited performances from Center Tom Burleson, who couldn't stop Abdul-Jabbar but did score 20 points and collect 12 rebounds.

At the end of the game Sharman said he was tired of hearing about L.A.'s poor road record. "Who is winning on the road?" he said. "The league has great balance this year. A few years ago, when you had new expansion teams, you could count on beating them 90% of the time. That's no longer true. Everybody except Golden State and Boston is losing on the road."

His point was upheld Friday night at the Forum when the Lakers looked pret-

ty good in reversing the away decision against Seattle, 113-105. Goodrich, who had scored a season-low two points up north, tied his season high of 37 (no doubt pleasing courtsider Nicholson, resplendent in white pants but without his Academy Award sunglasses). Lucius Allen, in disfavor, came off the bench to score 21 points, Connie Warner had 16 rebounds and the placid-appearing Abdul-Jabbar had a typically placid 23 points, 14 rebounds and two blocked shots.

The Lakers were still breathing ("This one was the vital one," said Sharman) and continued to hang on Saturday night when Phoenix lost at Portland and Seattle got smashed at Golden State.

And then on Sunday, while the Lakers kept alive by beating Golden State 118-111, Seattle and Phoenix went head to head and the whole wild scramble got a notch tighter. On their home court the Sonics flew past the Suns 117-89 and into second. And there was more clawing to come in the final days.

"Like I tell my guys," said Russell with a chuckle, "nobody gets out of this alive."

AND

The West Side Tennis Club is an elegant enclave located hard by the Long Island Railroad, directly below too many airplanes paying imminent calls on New York's LaGuardia Airport and smack in the shadows of high rises. Huddled in the Forest Hills section of the borough of Queens, the old club pays no nevermind to the encroaching shabbiness. Rather, it dwells on its own 12½ acres of beauty, its 61 tennis courts and its pride in hosting, every year, the U.S. Open Tennis Championships. As if they inhabited a sort of Camelot in the midst of a trailer park, club members point their noses at jaunty angles.

Until recently the club has been participating most reluctantly in the last half of the 20th century. Members much prefer the '20s and '30s. Those who belong can spot a gentleman at 100 yards by the tie he always wears; they talk a lot about Warren Harding. The sign outside the clubhouse prescribes: ONLY WHITE OR OFF-WHITE SHALL BE WORN ON COURT AND CLUB GROUNDS. For slow learners, the sign goes on to advise that this includes sneakers, socks, sweaters, suits, warmup jackets. The sign doesn't mention underwear, but the implication seems clear. One gets the drift. Forest Hills is steeped, steeped in tradition; it believes in the old but good ways of doing things. Change is great if you're a hot-dog stand, but not if you're Forest Hills.

Not long ago, however, players in the U.S. Open started showing up wearing clothes to match their personalities. White was not their favorite color. In 1975 bulldozers appeared and plowed up the grass of the faded courts. The grass was replaced with—ugh!—a combination clay-and-rock surface. Traditionalists clutched their chests.

And finally, two weeks ago, some funny little structures called platform tennis courts were plunked down atop the Hiar-Tru courts in the stadium. And for the first time in the memory of club members—memories that stretch back just shy of Aristotle's adolescence—a sport other than real tennis was played on this hallowed site. Again purists clutched their chests.

Poor dear Forest Hills. Perhaps the place needs another sign to go with the one outside the gate that says CURB YOUR DOG. It could read HEAP INCONVENIENTS HERE. A club member (identified

by his tie) tugged at a visitor: "Isn't it just awful?"

Well, no. For Forest Hills has survived lie Nastase, it has survived Jimmy Connors, it has survived Bobby Riggs and it will survive platform tennis.

Platform tennis, known popularly as paddle, suffers from always having to explain what it is: a tennis-like game played with a sponge-rubber ball and wooden paddles 17 inches long on a court about one-quarter the size of a tennis court—all of it inside a wire cage. This makes platform tennis a forgiving game. You can volley the ball or hit it on the bounce, as in tennis, or let it go past, bounce off the screen, then hit it. Rallies are long—routinely 20 hits and occasionally more than 100. People in paddle are terribly good-natured about explaining their game, far more so than George Allen of the Washington Redskins would be if asked by a reporter: "Say, George, what do you call that fat little guy who hovers over the ball and then suddenly passes it backward between his legs to a buddy?"

What was occurring at Forest Hills was the First Tribuno World Paddle Championship. Sponsorship by Tribuno, makers of vermouth, fit right in with the incongruity of the event, for proceeds were given to the New York City Affiliate of the National Council on Alcoholism. A spokesman told the meager crowd, "Thanks to those of you who can drink for helping those who can't." From out of the stands came a shrilled voice, "I'll drink to that."

At stake was \$4,000 for the winning team, twice as much money as had ever been given in paddle. The 16 best men's teams (paddle is mostly played only as doubles) were invited. The total prize pot for this tournament was \$12,000.

On one side in the finals were the brainy and abrasive Baird brothers.

Down by two sets, partners Gordon Gray and Doug Russell whaled away, won the title.

PADDLING ALONG TO A TITLE

While Warren Gamaliel Harding fans shuddered, the nation's best platform tennis players set up their stage at hallowed Forest Hills

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Steve, 25, with degrees from Bucknell and Columbia, is a personnel officer for a New York City bank. Chip, 22, from Harvard, is with an investment bank. On the other side were Doug Russell, 31, who runs a platform tennis club in Manhattan, and his partner, Gordon Gray, 42, a financial consultant from Greenwich, Conn. In earlier play the tournament's only significant upset had come when the highly regarded (third-seeded) team of Herb FitzGibbon and Hank Levine lost in the quarterfinals.

The excitement over the final match was heightened because neither team cares much for the other. This was confirmed when each team said that it liked the other team just fine. But the fans—about 100,000 if you believed the paddle



fanatics, 1,000 if you believed paddle hater and 2,200 if you believed the truth—knew bad blood was in the air. Up to the finals the teams had played seven times. Gray-Russell had won four matches, the Bairds three. But the Bairds had won the bigger, last month's National Championship, while Gray-Russell had floundered in the quarterfinals.

A poorly kept secret is the tale of a match not long ago. Gray, a pleasant man with a nice-guy approach to nearly everything, muttered before that match, "I'd love to go out there, hit 48 straight winners, mash my paddle down Chip's throat and walk off the court smiling." With that, Gray and Russell stormed out and got thrashed.

Gray has been playing the game since he was 10 years old, he won a number of championships and almost retired from competition a couple of years ago. But he couldn't stand that. "It's such a lovely sport," he says, "and I was so eager." So he got together with Russell in a classic odd-couple matchup. In life-style, Gray is steady, conservative; Russell is unsteady, unconservative. Except that when it comes to paddle, it is Gray who

attacks, attacks, attacks and Russell who meditates 30 minutes a day, then takes to the court and plays defensively, cautiously. "Doug has all the shots," says Gray. "The only problem is when he decides to play not to lose instead of to win." Says Russell, "I think Gordon sometimes plays too aggressively and takes too many chances." Obviously a partnership made in heaven.

Russell is flexible, though. In an early job as a bag salesman, he could handle plastic, paper or burlap. As a stockbroker, he got laid off while in training for one firm. He joined another and advised a number of his customers to buy Con Edison at between 18 1/4 and 27 "because they had paid dividends for 171 years or something," then watched in dismay when the company skipped a quarterly dividend and the price dropped to six. His phone rang a lot with customers offering their views on his ability and parentage. One more brokerage house, and he quit. He taught tennis for three months, then spent a month in Europe. "Already I knew things were better," he says.

Russell was serious the day before the

Tribune tournament, saying, "I won't do anything stupid tonight. I'll go to bed early." Gray didn't look convinced.

The Bairds are so competitive that they have agreed not to play against one another. Steve recalls the time Chip "threw a ball at me from about 15 feet, so I turned and threw my paddle at him." Boys will be boys. Says Chip, "I am tightly strung. I froth at the mouth. I'm the eccentric."

On the court Chip hollers, stomps, questions calls, throws rackets. Steve is more stoic but understands. "All good athletes have a temper," he says.

Paddle is normally a pleasant game, a sort of hit-and-giggle endeavor that is far easier than tennis to play and good for all levels of players. But Saturday's finals were decidedly different. The Bairds easily won the first two sets 6-4, 6-3 as the normally steady Gray played somewhere between the categories of awful and dead. Moaned Russell, "The Bairds are the greatest front-runners in the world. I don't know."

Then, imperceptibly, things started going better for Gray-Russell. And when Chip's racket started flying and the fans started hissing, Gray and Russell were on the move. They won the third set 6-1, the fourth 6-3. Gray was not so down anymore; Russell regained his easy smugness. In the deciding set Chip complained that he had not been ready for a Russell serve; the crowd offered the Queens version of a Bronx cheer and the referee made it unanimous. Gray and Russell were ahead four games to one. So, naturally, several of their shots hit the tape on the net and fell fairly, which is what often happens once it starts raining on somebody's parade. In a whoosh, Gray and Russell took the set 6-2 and the match. Said Steve Baird, "We ran out of steam. It was embarrassing."

Meanwhile, back at the bar, Tournament Director Billy Talbert, who also directs Forest Hills, said, "This was fun. It's like tennis used to be. These guys even have jobs."

Talbert is right. It was fun. It didn't harm the West Side Tennis Club. And it may be the first little step for paddle en route to brighter lights. Whatever the number of spectators, it was agreed that the first U.S. tennis championships here in the early 1900s had an even smaller crowd.

END





LAST WEEK THEY HELD THE MASTERS

*The women's equivalent, that is.
But at the splashy Colgate they
put the winner in the kitchen doing
TV ads instead of in a green coat*

by DAN JENKINS

Once a year the women golf professionals move into a better neighborhood. The event doesn't have a name like the Masters but they ought to call it something like the Ms-ers, for it is by far the most gigantic thing the ladies get themselves involved in even though the tournament is for the betterment of dental cream, laundry detergents and dishwashing liquid.

When they gathered last week at Mission Hills Country Club in Palm Springs for the fifth annual Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle-Ajax-Palmolive Rapid Shave-Cashmere Bouquet-Handi Wipes-Buggies-Ultra Brite-bonded razors-moisturizing cleanser golf tournament, the ladies were on television, battling a good, tough golf course. They had scoreboards, celebrities, thousands of spectators and, not the least sentimental thing of all, money. Lots of money. Big money. Man-type money. Like the \$32,000 that Judy Rankin took away after winning the biggest title of the golfing year.

Two things about that were appropriate. Judy Rankin and the manner in which she won. Frequently, a ladies' pro tournament is won by somebody staggering home with a 74 or worse while the rest of the field slips on the kitchen tile. Rankin did it the old Arnold Palmer way, a guy hero's way. She shot a blazing, final-round 68, sculpted in a bitter, snarling wind—a round that will be remembered by pigs and libs alike.

For all that money, and in the midst of all that attention, and in all that wind, the women were fully expected to be blown into the parched hills that surround the 6,347-yard course. Rankin,

being only 5'3½" and weighing but 110 pounds, and being a mother, and usually a runner-up although a steady money maker—such as the money is for the women—had an opportunity to disappear on Sunday with the dozens who, in fact, did. She was three strokes behind the co-leaders, Kathy Whitworth and Sandra Haynie, household words in women's golf. She was even trailing Pam Higgins by one, and barely leading Jan Stephenson by one. Higgins and Stephenson being a couple of blonde adorables around whom much of the tournament talk had concentrated.

But Rankin is among the best wind players out there, and when her putter finally stopped betraying her, Sunday very quickly became a contest between Rankin and herself. Through the first five holes of the last round she was three under par and suddenly in the lead. The wind had already begun to take Whitworth to a 77 and Haynie to a shocking 80, which says a bit more about the astonishing four-under 68 that Rankin stuck into those gales. "I wasn't nervous on the course," she said later. "But now I'm nervous thinking about what I've done."

Typical of her play was a two-iron shot on the 3rd hole, a 395-yard par-4. Ladies hit two-irons on 395-yard par-4s, of course. Rankin hit this one about six feet from the pin, and that putt dropped like most of the others. If there was any suspense remaining after Judy sank a 25-foot birdie putt on the 15th hole, it was likely to be whether Jan Stephenson or Pam Higgins would get the most proposals of marriage.

To Rankin, it was naturally the biggest day of her career. To win the biggest, to do it with people watching, and to do it with birdies, that was incredible, but no more incredible than the fact that there was a supermarket spectacle for a Judy Rankin to win.

Colgate is the greatest thing that's happened to women's golf since Band-Aids. Which was the greatest thing since Babe Zaharias. The ladies' pro tour has always led a relatively quiet and secluded existence, dropping in on places like Plymouth, Ind., Naples, Fla. and Trenton, N.J. for not so much prize money that you could go crazy buying hostess gowns and cheese dip. Until Colgate came up with Dinah Shore and the Winners Circle and all of those one-minute commercials on television where the lady pros get to act like real people in the kitchen, the biggest thing in their lives was the U.S. Women's Open, but nobody knew about that, either.

Maybe they did when Babe won it for a while and when Mickey Wright did, but then everybody started winning it and they were holding the Open on such courses as Muskegon Country Club in a town noted for truck stops, and in Fleetwood and Erie, and this year they are going to play it in Springfield, Pa., in the month of July, in case anybody wants to stock up on trivia questions.

But the big one for the ladies has become the Colgate. Here the women find out what it's like to go first class. There is a large efficient press tent with people actually working in there amid the whir of machines. Elsewhere in women's golf, press facilities usually consist of mobile homes and buses, and at those tournaments the LPGA hires somebody to walk around with a stick and poke the only two journalists in attendance so they will

continued

A string victor, Judy Rankin is the newly named host club pro. The host host was Dinah, who tries to shore up women's golf.

sit up and appear interested when the winner comes in.

The women always held out hope. They are puzzled at how easily tennis did it. As Rankin says, "In tennis they were overnight darlings and we've been scrapping around out here for years and years." What the golf pros had been waiting for was Colgate, and specifically David Foster, the chairman of the board of Colgate-Palmolive, who came to their rescue. And if women's golf ever achieves what it is hoping for—larger purses and more appreciation and attention from the public—David Foster will have to put on a skirt and be enshrined in the LPGA Hall of Fame.

One afternoon last week Foster spoke of his role. He did not wake up on any particular morning five years ago and say to himself, "What can I do to help out the poor lady golfers?" Rather, he won-

gate Far East Women's LPGA and a Colgate Triple Crown, the last event on the schedule, a sort of Colgate World Series of Golf for the nine professionals who have excelled in the other Colgate tournaments. As if taking over the women's golf tour wasn't enough, Colgate has also come up with competitions for women in team tennis, hot-dog skiing and track and field.

"We thought first of getting into men's golf because it attracts more attention," Foster said, "but there wasn't a very good place for us on the men's tour. Being just another big-money tournament wasn't attractive, but becoming the biggest for the girls was something else. Women, of course, buy 60% of the products in the country."

Colgate has been setting records in TV promos for the Dinah Shore, and the evidence is that it pays off. Last year's tour-

brute strength, and therefore distance. But most of that is wrong. At the risk of being mowed down by a gang of feminists, Bob Rosburg, the touring pro and TV commentator who often has played golf with women pros, said during the Colgate, "They're lousy putters. They aren't even good chippers. I think women are too emotional to be any good around the greens in the clutch."

Rosburg didn't mean they can't play golf. "I think some of the good ones are straighter off the tee than the men," he added, "and I think they hit better fairway woods. They've had to."

Shocking. But there were lady pros who agreed with him.

Rankin, the new president of the LPGA Players Council and a charmer who holds some kind of record for not failing to get a paycheck in an LPGA event since 1964, said the women might be on the same level with the men on hitting fairway woods, but that was about it.

"We can't improve shots like the men," she said. "Even if some of us have the imagination, we may not have the strength or the knowledge."

"A girl golfer usually grows up with nobody to play with but her dad. She doesn't have a group of guys to learn from. We have to hook the ball to get distance. Most of us, anyhow. We're generally poor sand players. I agree we don't putt very well, although I don't know why. But I think we play an interesting game. If you watch us hitting long irons and fairway woods and placing the ball off the tee, you'll see some real talent and maybe a consistency you don't find among the men."

Another thing you can find among the lady pros that you surely can't find among the men is Jan Stephenson. She is the little Australian dumpy who was tied for the lead after 36 holes and who went around looking more like a starlet than a professional athlete. Stephenson is probably not going to rewrite any LPGA records, but she has won a tournament and she will win more, and meanwhile she was a very feminine person in Palm Springs. She even had a ladylike golf swing, but mainly she had her looks and manner.

Stephenson shared the lead on Friday with the other cute, Pam Higgins, and it was as if David Foster had scripted the whole thing, to give the week even more

THE LEADING MONEY WINNERS, 1975

GOLF

Sandra Palmer	\$76,374
JoAnne Carner	64,842
Carol Mann	64,727
Sandra Haynie	61,614
Judy Rankin	50,174

TENNIS

Chris Evert	\$323,977
Martina Navratilova	184,518
Virginia Wade	138,576
Evonne Coolidge	132,754
Billie Jean King	99,900

dered what Colgate could do in sports to get an edge on its major competitors, a couple of nongolfers named Procter & Gamble. To put it crassly, it was Fab against Tide all the way, a better "end-ansle" position in the supermarkets.

Outwardly, the tournament certainly looks like philanthropy, with Colgate spending close to \$2 million on the Dinah Shore, but, as is the case in just about everything, commerce was lurking. It's a "good buy," as they say, for by owning the tournament TV package, Colgate gets a full minute's commercial for something like \$26,000, if Colgate had to buy that same minute on a comparable show it would cost something like \$48,000. With sales increasing for most of Colgate's favorite products, who's to say the Dinah Shore hasn't been at least partially responsible?

The tournament has had a number of spinoffs; three more events in ladies golf, to begin with. There is now a Colgate European Women's LPGA and a Col-

gate Far East Women's LPGA and a Colgate Triple Crown, the last event on the schedule, a sort of Colgate World Series of Golf for the nine professionals who have excelled in the other Colgate tournaments.

What Dinah gets from the tournament is immense publicity for her TV show, some fun for a week and, as she said in Palm Springs, "a chance to do my annual crash course in golf." The actress is mostly a tennis addict, but she has to play in her pro-am, gliding comfortably along in a Rolls-Royce-styled golf cart complete with a color TV and refrigerator, and she has to put on a display of enthusiasm about the game.

"I hate to admit it," she said, "but I really don't know these girls very well. Isn't that awful?" This gives Dinah a tie with America.

One of the problems with women's golf is that nobody really believes a lady pro can do anything on the course as well as a man pro. There is that great myth that the women pros putt better, possibly chip better, maybe keep the ball in play better and basically give up nothing but



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Jim "Catfish" Hunter
Jim "Catfish" Hunter,
professional baseball player

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Also on the Volvo 240s, you get steel-belted radials. And orthopedically designed front bucket seats with adjustable lumbar supports.

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You can choose either the 2- or 4-door sedan.

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Either our 2- or 4-door sedan. Or our roomy 5-door wagon. While you may be getting the lower end of our line, you won't be getting the short end as far as a car is concerned.

Every Volvo 240 comes loaded with standards that are well above the standard. You get a quiet, responsive overhead cam fuel-injected engine.

4-speed manual transmission.
4-wheel power disc brakes and rack and pinion steering.



PEOPLE WHO THINK, ALIKE.

In the 260 GL sedans, you'll find many other luxuries that people of means consider necessities. Things like air conditioning. Real leather to sit on. Power front windows. A sunroof. A heated driver's seat. And metallic paint. All standard.

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Do you?



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health

glamour than it already had. Jan and Pam were asked if they thought they could fight off the oncoming Kathy Whitworths and Sandra Haynies, who usually win women's tournaments.

"I'm 25 to 1," Pam said.

"I can't possibly win," Jan said and then explained, "In the pro-am when I was playing the 18th hole, I pretended it was Sunday and I was leading the tournament, and just the thought of it made me so nervous I came apart. I bogeyed." She had two goals—to be interviewed in a real press tent (when she won in Naples, she met reporters in a bus) and to be on TV. She managed both.

What happened to the set decoration on Saturday was what generally happens to a lot of lady pros. Palm Springs got windy. It had been predicted by Rankin's husband that if the wind came up, the majority of the field would fly apart. As Walter (Yippie) Rankin of the Midland, Texas Yippies put it, "When the wind blows, most of these girls go south. But not that little girl of mine."

On Saturday Stephenson went to a southerly 78 and Higgins went to a southerly 76. And true to her husband's word, Rankin became a serious contender. She shot a modest-sounding 71, just one under par, but it swept her past 20 other players, who went swirling in the wind Yippie prayed for. Judy was three strokes off the lead, but she felt she was playing well enough to win if some putts would drop. The first day she had four-putted one green and three-putted another, and the second day she had made 18 straight pars. A couple of putts fell on Saturday, but she thought Mission Hills owed her a few more.

The evening before the final round Judy Rankin was doing what most people did when they weren't at the course. She was hanging around the Spa Hotel hospitality room that David Foster had ordered done over to resemble a British pub to keep everyone's spirits alive and pouring.

"I can win it," Rankin said. "All I've got to do is go out there and not stand over putts saying, 'Now don't do this like an emotional woman.'"

What she did on Sunday was putt like Jack Nicklaus and nail a few shots into that wind the way a lot of guys would like to be able to do, and that is how you win yourself a Colgate Masters **END**

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BASEBALL '76



THE FAN HAS HIS SEASON

Though players and owners do not concur on much these days, they seem to be coming to an agreement that the fan is the man—and the woman—of the hour

by RON FIMRITE

He is the most physically inconvenienced, the most financially abused, too often the least considered and probably the most important person in all of baseball. He is the fan. Oh, the owners and players pay him lip service. "Sure, fans have a right to boo. They paid their way in," says the player, all tolerance, meanwhile gnashing his teeth under what he really considers the lash of their unjustified hostility. "We owe everything to the fans," says the owner, full of gratitude—and then goes off to grouse over their disloyal reluctance to embrace his product, no matter how shabby it might

be. But the fan does pay his way in, and booing or cheering is his paid-up right. Without him in appreciable numbers, the owner would owe the bank. But are the owners and players altogether aware of the fan's needs, his desires, his often irrational faith? Probably not, although the breach may be closing.

During the wrangling between baseball's management and its Players Association over the question of the reserve clause, the fan has been used to lend a good name to any number of self-serving viewpoints. If wages increase, say the owners, ticket prices must rise. Curious, say the players. How come when Oakland Owner Charles O. Finley imposed the maximum salary decreases on most of his starting lineup this season, he also raised his prices? If the players are to roam unfettered by reserve obligations, say the owners, they will not remain in one town long enough for the fans to learn their names. Booh, say the players; bartering owners are the ones responsible for our already nomadic existence.

Through it all the fan remains as loyal as a spaniel. Nearly 30 million persons attended major league games last season, although there was only one tight race in the four divisions. Had there been closer competition in any of the other three divisions or better weather during the rain-soaked final days of the dramatic race in the American League East, attendance surely would have exceeded the record of 30.1 million set in 1973. National enthusiasm for the game *did* reach a record peak when Boston and Cincinnati met in one of the most thrilling and skillfully played of World Series.

The taste of that delicious event was still being savored when those incorrigible combatants—the owners and players—had at one another again. Did the fans complain? Yes, a little. But there is a suspicion that the labor turmoil interested most fans not a whit. How dreary the sports pages must have seemed to them early this spring with all those photographs of solemn men in business suits who looked like delegates to the SALT negotiations, with all those columns of figures that had nothing to do with batting averages.

The only money the fan cares about is his own, the only contract he is interested in is the unsigned one he has with the game—to be entertained. Only when it appeared that spring training would be a fatality and opening day might be de-

layed did he become aroused. Let them squabble all they want, but don't take away my season was the sentiment expressed over and over by vacationing fans in Cactus and Grapefruit League ball parks and bars during early March. Then the commissioner, supposedly speaking in the fans' name, stepped forward to assure them the show would go on. Fine, line, but where had this guy been during all the fuss?

In some ways the fan is the best part of the game, for in his person are stored its history and tradition. Consider the following conversation in the stands during an exhibition game between the Cubs and A's in Scottsdale, Ariz.

Florid fellow in cowboy hat downing fourth beer: "I'm from the North Side. Lived only a few blocks from Wrigley Field. I tell you . . . Stan Hack, Old Gaby, Jolly Cholly. Those were the days. . ."

Oldtimer one row forward: "Young fella, I watched them build Wrigley Field back in '14."

Florid fellow: "Oh."

A few years ago there seemed to be an estrangement developing between the fan and player, a severing of the sacred bond between idolater and idol. This was manifested in some unfortunate grandstand rioting that spilled over onto the diamonds. The Rangers were menaced by hordes of trespassing Texas bleachers in one game. In another, beverages were poured from above on the prostrate form of an injured Houston outfielder. And for almost an entire season Cincinnati's Pete Rose became the target of debris pitchers around the National League. Sociologists began pondering the matter. Did the fan, underpaid and overcharged, harbor resentment against the young plutocrats hired at exorbitant sums to entertain him? Were those grinning popinays in the television commercials considered unworthy successors to Pepper Martin and Big Posson Warner? Nah. It turns out the nastiness was merely an aberration. The fan soon suppressed his riotous instincts and returned to harmless partisanship.

The fan should not, of course, be identified only as "he." He is often a she, and he or she may be of any age. Some team demographers rejoice over statistics demonstrating that their patrons are getting younger and younger. Baseball suffered too long under the slander that only old men came to watch it. No, the fan is not

of a single mind or a single sex, but he or she has a single purpose: to be happy.

There are encouraging signs that the owners and players are gaining a better understanding of this. Players, many of whom not long ago performed as if exhibiting the merest trace of emotion was to violate some clubhouse code of ethics, are now recognizing that what they are in is the entertainment game. How rewarding it is to see a Reggie Jackson doff his cap and prance in self-celebration after a homer. How cheering it is to see a Jose Cardenal hoist a ball aloft after a difficult catch in the Cubs outfield. "Hot dog" was once a term of derision in the dugout. A player who drew attention to his person was considered a shameless exhibitionist. Now he is recognized as one who knows on which side his bread is buttered. Quiet self-confidence was once the manly virtue. Now we have a John Montefusco, the Giants' excellent young pitcher, boasting like a latter-day Benvenuto Cellini. It still staggers traditionalists to hear players unblushingly describe themselves as "entertainers," but that is precisely what more and more of them are saying.

And the owners seem to be acting less like squires of the manor. Bill Vecek, bless his showboat hide, is not above commanding the ball park public-address system to talk to his customers. And neither is that hamburger man, Ray Kroc, who owns the Padres. New owners like the Giants' Bob Lurie even talk of improving such things as the hot dog—the edible, not the athletic, kind.

It would be nice if all this were done out of gratitude for the fan's loyalty instead of from the realization that it is good business. But either way, the fan is rewarded, as he should be. Ticket prices may rise and the home team may play shoddily, but the fan will show up. He is the one constant in a changing game; without him there would be no game.

He probably has had his fill of talk about reserve systems, freedom issues and whatnot. The negotiating teams now should play their game in the back-ground, where they belong. The season is what interests the fan, and it is upon us. In the scouting reports that follow, fans can find out what to expect on the field in the months ahead. And they can take close looks at the most outstanding players in both leagues—the Red Sox' Fred Lynn and Jim Rice and the Reds' Joe Morgan.

CONTINUED

AMERICAN LEAGUE '76

UP, UP AND AWAY

It is the numbers that are beautiful on the balloons surrounding Fred Lynn (right) and Jim Rice (page 44). As Boston rookies last season, they took off early—by May 1 they had a combined .311 average, six home runs and 22 RBIs—and did not come down until Lynn had swept every individual award in sight, prizes that in a Lynn-less year probably would have been won by Rice. And lest you think their reputations are somehow inflated, turn the page for comparisons between their rookie performances and those of a random sample of Hall of Famers—or Hall of Famers-to-be. The latter-day Babes of Boston outdid stars of every era, a good indication that for them in '76 the baseball bromide about sophomore slumps is likely to turn out to be a lot of hot air.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

A photograph of Fred Lynn, a Boston Red Sox player, smiling and looking upwards. He is wearing a white Red Sox uniform with red pinstripes and a red cap. He is surrounded by a large number of balloons in various colors, including red, orange, yellow, and teal. Several text callouts are overlaid on the image, highlighting his achievements.

FRED LYNN

BEST ROOKIE
SINCE
TED WILLIAMS

ONLY
ROOKIE
MVP
EVER

.331
AVERAGE
BEST BY A ROOKIE
SINCE '48

105
RBIs
MOST BY A ROOKIE
SINCE '50

FIRST ROOKIE
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.566

3
HOMERS
AND
10
RBIs
IN ONE GAME

NEVER
HITLESS IN
4
STRAIGHT
GAMES

WORLD GLOVE
FIELDER
A RECORD
47
DOUBLES

HONUS WAGNER 1897

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
61	38	83	17	4	2	35	.344

**JOHNNY BENCH 1968**

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
164	87	165	40	2	18	82	.275

**LOU GEHRIG 1925**

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
126	73	126	23	10	20	66	.295

**FRED LYNN
1975**

G	R	H
145	103	175
2B	3B	HR
47	7	21
RBI	PCT	
105	.331	

**MICKEY MANTLE 1951**

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
66	61	51	11	6	19	65	.267

**STAN MUSIAL 1942**

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
140	87	147	32	10	10	72	.315

**ROBERTO CLEMENTE 1966**

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
124	48	121	23	11	8	47	.265

ROGERS HORNSEY 1916

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
138	83	189	17	18	0	85	.310

**JACKIE ROBINSON 1947**

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
181	128	178	81	0	12	48	.287

**JIM RICE 1975**

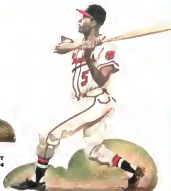
G	R	H
144	92	174
2B	3B	HR
29	4	22
RBI	PCT	
102	.309	

AL KALINE 1954

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
168	48	188	18	0	4	40	.278

**WILLIE MAYS 1951**

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
121	88	127	22	0	20	88	.274

**TY COBB 1905**

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
41	18	88	0	0	1	18	.240

HENRY AARON 1954

G	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	PCT
122	88	181	27	0	18	88	.280

OUTHOMERED
LYNN

22-21

**JIM
RICE**

SECOND IN ROOKIE
OF THE YEAR VOTE
THIRD IN MVP

IN JULY-AUGUST
HIT IN

43 OF **58**
GAMES

4
GAMES W/

13
HOME
STRETCH

WALKED IN

90

GAMES W/
LEFT FIELDER

174
HITS

.309

AVERAGE

102

RBI's

HIT

.332

AFTER
ALL-STAR
GAME

28

RBI's IN A

31

GAME
STRETCH

RED SOX



PAIR WITHOUT PARALLEL

Baseball is still reeling from the legendary 1976 feats of Fred Lynn and Jim Rice. Never before have mere rookies had such impact on the game. It was not just that Lynn was the first rookie to be named Most Valuable Player, but also that Rice finished third in the MVP voting and that the two led the surprising Red Sox to the American League pennant. And they reached back and smote history a lick, too. Statistically, Lynn and Rice were the finest rookie teammates in major league history, and Lynn was one of the very best first-year players of the century. He was the finest rookie hitter in more than two decades, and if his fielding is duly considered, he was the best all-round rookie since Ted Williams in 1939. Unfortunately for his teammate, Lynn's achievements were just good enough to outstrip the performance of the less acclaimed, but hardly less talented, Rice.

To compare Lynn and Rice with their predecessors, it is necessary to establish a single qualifying standard for all rookies. For the sake of argument, assume a rookie is any player who has had no more than 130 at bats in previous major league seasons. This is the most significant clause of the rule that has been used since 1957 to determine which hitters qualify as rookies.

Under this standard, Lynn and Rice were the first rookie teammates both to hit more than .300 and drive in more than 100 runs apiece. Quite a few pairs have topped .300, but the members of only two other twosomes—Al Rosen (116) and Luke Easter (107) of the 1950 Indians and Ken Keltner (113) and Jeff Heath (112) of the 1938 Indians—knocked in more than 100 runs each. Of the four, only Heath had an average above .300.

How does Lynn, who beat out Rice for 1975 American League Rookie of the Year, compare with past individuals? Again, a standard is in order that takes

into consideration four categories: average, home runs, runs batted in and hits. In cases in which a comparison between Lynn and some earlier rookie results in each player winning two categories, the one with the higher average is given a slight edge.

By this criterion, Lynn's rookie performance outdistanced the first-year accomplishments of such players as Easter, Rosen, Minnie Minoso, Frank Robinson, Orlando Cepeda, Willie McCovey, Tony Oliva and Dick Allen. You would have to go back a quarter-century to Walt Dropo, the mediocre-fielding, power-hitting first baseman of the 1950 Red Sox, to find a rookie who batted better than Lynn. Before Dropo, Lynn out-hit every rookie back to Williams in 1939. Here is how the Boston three match up.

	AVG.	H	HR	RBI
LYNN	.330	175	21	169
DROPO	.322	180	36	144
WILLIAMS	.323	185	31	145

Lynn's statistics had a purity of line to match his level swing at the plate and smooth gait afield. In hitting for average over anything approaching a full season, he outdid every rookie back to Richie Ashburn of the 1948 Phillies, who batted .333 in 117 games. In doubles, those classic marriages of sock and speed, Lynn set a league rookie record of 47. Power? He was the only rookie ever to lead baseball in slugging percentage (.566). In one game he set a league rookie record of 10 RBIs while hitting three homers and a triple.

Rice's year could also be described as prodigious. Henry Aaron watched him swing and pronounced all home-run records in jeopardy. Rice hit a 500-foot shot to the right of the flagpole in Fenway Park, a feat matched by only five others, including Hank Greenberg and Jimmie Foxx. In a 56-game streak he had 45 RBIs

and five four-hit games. And Rice's talents were more varied than reputed. Because he was used as a designated hitter for most of the first half of the season, he is widely thought to have been so-so on defense. In fact, Rice made no errors in 90 games as a leftfielder and saved one of those games, a 4-2 win over Minnesota, by robbing Glenn Borgmann of two homers. With a flair for the dramatic, Rice celebrated his permanent installation in left field on July 2 with a 450-foot homer.

Another rookie who generated excitement to compare with Lynn and Rice was Pete Reiser of the 1940 Dodgers, a .293 first-year hitter whose career was subsequently shortened by one war and 13 fences. There were many others before Reiser who were little noted but should have been long remembered. At one time or another rookies have led both major leagues in all important offensive categories. What should be known as the Golden Age of Rookies came between the two World Wars, when strapping farm hands and ex-doughboys fresh from saving the world for democracy began taking swats at the juiced-up ball that revolutionized the game during the '20s. And there was no Depression for young hitters, including players such as Duke Alexander of the 1929 Tigers, Johnny Frederick of the 1929 Dodgers, George Watkins of the 1930 Cardinals and Hal Trosky of the 1934 Indians who are rarely remembered today. Their accomplishments rank them right up there with the '30s' two most famous rookies, Joe DiMaggio, who came to the Yankees in 1936, and Williams.

	AVG.	H	HR	RBI
ALEXANDER	.343	215	25	131
FREDERICK	.328	204	24	75
TROSKY	.330	206	33	142
WATKINS (119 games)	.373	146	17	87
DIMAGGIO	.323	206	29	125

Even as rookies, DiMaggio and Williams could be described as one-man gangs. But neither turned a third-place team into a pennant winner, which is exactly what Lynn and Rice did. Last year's Boston stars proved that in rebuilding an outfield, as in other endeavors, two good heads invariably are better than one.

—JIM KAPLAN

CONTINUED

A SOX-A's SEASON

THE EAST

This spring's In phrase among American League East managers concerns that ancient malady that tends to affect the young and successful in sports—the sophomore jinx. Their interest in the phenomenon is at rare peak because Fred Lynn and Jim Rice of the Red Sox are both second-year players this season. Earl Weaver of the Orioles says, "Of course, I'm not suggesting that Lynn and Rice will be bothered by it but, despite what people think in Boston, they're only humans. It's always harder the second time around."

For sure, if Lynn and Rice repeat their spectacular 1975 performances, the Red Sox may be able to start printing playoff tickets during the All-Star break. But if they slump, that could be all Weaver and some other managers in the East need to overtake Boston. While Lynn, who had a terrific sophomore season but a horrendous junior year as a college player at Southern Cal, and Rice, who never has had a bad season at any level of competition, predictably prefer to avoid any discussion of the jinx, Boston Manager Darrell Johnson flat out scoffs at it. "Personally, I think their combined numbers will be even greater this season," he says.

For company in the league's best outfield, Lynn and Rice have Rightfielder Dwight Evans, a superior fielder and a .274 regular-season hitter who was the Red Sox' surprise standout against Cincinnati in the World Series. However, Boston's success will not depend entirely on those three. Red Sox pitching remains slightly questionable, despite the addition of 17-game winner Ferguson Jenkins from Texas. A gopher-ball specialist, Jenkins led the American League by throwing 37 home-run pitches last year and may top that total while pitching with Fenway Park's newly padded left-field monster looming over his shoulder. His main rival in the gopher-ball competition probably will be 19-game winner Rick

Wise, who served up 34 of them in 1975. Spaceman Bill Lee (17-9) and ancient Luis Tiant (18-14), the proud owner of a new shag rug for his bald head, complete the rotation, with 21-year-old rookie Don Aase standing by.

There are other serious questions about the Sox. Will injury-plagued Catcher Carlton Fisk (.331, 10 home runs and 52 RBIs in 79 games), who irritates opponents when he "accidentally" spits tobacco juice on their shoes, finally put together a complete season? Will Third Baseman Rico Petrocelli overcome his inner-ear problems and regain his batting stroke? Will Shortstop Rick Burleson, the guts of the infield, wear out again if he has to play 158 games, as he

did last year? Will the real Denny Doyle—the second baseman who batted .310 in 89 games for Boston or the second baseman who could not hold jobs in Philadelphia or California—please stand up? And will Carl Yastrzemski, who hit only .269 with 14 home runs and 60 RBIs, make a comeback at the age of 36 or lose his first-base job to Designated Hitter Cecil Cooper (.311)? If the Red Sox get the right answers to just a few of those questions and the jinx manages not to affect both Lynn and Rice, they probably will win another division title.

A last-minute trade may have put the Orioles in position to challenge the Sox. Baltimore acquired two

clutch players, Pitcher Ken Holtzman and Outfielder Reggie Jackson, from Oakland, and if past Oriole deals are a guide, they should have good seasons. Last year Baltimore traded for Outfielder Ken Singleton, who then hit .300, walked 118 times and had an exceptional .413 on-base percentage, and First Baseman Lee May, who drove in 99 runs. "We made out like gangbusters in those deals," Weaver says. "The new guys helped Jim Palmer carry the club." Cy Young Award winner Palmer won 23 and lost 11, threw



10 shutouts and had 25 complete games and a 2.09 ERA. However, the only other Orioles who enjoyed solid seasons were the since-traded Don Baylor and Mike Torrez.

"We had four regulars who didn't hit at all, but we still finished only 4½ games behind Boston," Weaver says. "If they hit this year, it could be different." The four were Third Baseman Brooks Robinson (.201), Shortstop Mark Belanger (.226), Second Baseman Bobby Grich (.260 but only 57 RBIs) and Centerfielder Paul Blair (.218). Robinson—"Baltimore's only active living legend," according to Johnny Unitas—is nearly 39. "I figure I've got about 35 or 40 games to show Earl that I can still hit," he says. "If I can't do it anymore, I'll just quit."

Baltimore also lacks pitching depth behind Palmer, Holtzman and bullpen ace Dyar Miller. Mike Cuellar, who is 10 days older than Robinson, slumped to 14 victories and a 3.66 ERA last year, while Ross Grimsley dropped from 18 wins to 10.

Cleveland was the only American League team with a winning record against Boston last season. This year the Indians could be the Red Sox of 1976. Manager Frank Robinson resurrected 34-year-old First Baseman Boog Powell for 27 home runs, 86 RBIs and a .297 batting average. Second Baseman Duane Kuiper and Shortstop Frank Duffy are known only to their families and teammates, but they get the job done both in the field and at bat, while Third Baseman Buddy Bell finally seems fully recovered from his knee ailments. Centerfielder Rick Manning caught everything hit his way and batted a strong .285 after coming up from Oklahoma City. Manning is flanked by Leftfielder Charlie Spikes, who slumped to .229 with only 11 home runs a year ago, and moody Rightfielder George Hendrick, whose sullic disposition and .258 average overshadowed his 86 RBIs.

During the winter, Robinson acquired righthander Pat Dobson, and all Cleveland is braced for the first clash between the manager and his new pitcher, who plays Hollywood star whenever he is removed from games, something that happened 23 times last year in New York. With Dave LaRoche in the bullpen (94 strikeouts in 82 innings), Dobson ought to exit gracefully. But for the Indians to challenge, LaRoche must not be called on too frequently to bail out the staff's aces, Dennis Eckersley and Fritz Peterson. They are Cleveland's biggest question marks, and even Robinson must be wondering if whip-arm righthander Eckersley, who won 13 games and had a strong 2.60 ERA as a rookie, and old hand Peterson, who ran off 10 straight victories in the middle of the season, are the real, live things or just hot flashes.

The Yankees return to the House that Ruth Built, but any similarity between the old Bronx Bombers and the present Bronx Pingers begins and ends with the length of the players' hair. Responding to an edict from Owner George M. Steinbrenner III, the Yankees now have the coiffures of West Point cadets; one of them, Outfielder Oscar Gamble, had to have 10 inches cut from his Afro before Manager Billy Martin let him practice.

With Bobby Bonds and his 32 home runs now in California, Thurman Munson is the only right-handed power hitter in the Yankee lineup—but despite his .318 average he had just 12 home runs in 1975. Third Baseman Graig

Nettel (21 homers) provides adequate clout from the left side. So the Yankees have replaced sock with speed. Mickey Rivers, acquired in the Bonds deal, hit .284 and stole 70 bases last year; he will lead off and have a green light to steal often. Fast rookie Willie Randolph, who was obtained from Pittsburgh in exchange for Pitcher Doc Medich, has been touted as the new Joe Morgan and takes second base by default. "I've read all the reports on Randolph," said Martin before spring training. "They're all positive." That is more than could be said about any Yankee second baseman since Bobby Richardson.

No amount of speed will compensate for Martin's other problems. Fred Stanley is not Phil Rizzuto in disguise at shortstop. Leftfielder Roy White has a weak arm and Rightfielder Elliott Maddox is recovering from knee surgery while trying to forget all the nasty things Martin said about him when he got rid of Maddox in Texas. Catfish Hunter (23-14 with a 2.58 ERA) leads the pitching staff. However, Hunter lost to Boston three times last year, so the Yankees acquired a Red Sox beater—Ed Figueroa—from California. Figueroa was 13-13 against 10 teams and 3-0 vs. Boston. The rest of the staff seems deep—deep with questions, such as Ken Brett's bad arm, Dock Ellis' attitude and Sparky Lyle's temperament.

Manager Alex Grammas inherits a troubled team in Milwaukee. Aside from First Baseman George (Long Tater) Scott, who led the league with 109 RBIs, tied for the home-run lead with 36 and hit .285, the Brewers are shaky almost everywhere. Second Baseman Pedro Garcia was at the center of the disciplinary trouble that resulted in the firing of former Manager Del Crandall; Shortstop Robin Yount made 44 errors; Third Baseman Don Money was often injured; Rightfielder Gorman Thomas once struck out eight straight times; and Designated Hitter Henry Aaron hit .234 with 12 home runs.

But the worst news for Grammas is that the Milwaukee pitching staff needs a massive arm transplant. Ed Sprague, Billy Champion, Kevin Kobel, Jim Colborn, Ed Rodriguez and Tom Murphy spent all or part of the 1975 season on the disabled list. In fact, Milwaukee's only semihealthy pitchers were Pete Broberg, who won 14 games, including four against Boston, and Jim Slaton, who had an 11-18 record. "We've got a rebuilding job to do here," says Grammas with commendable understatement.

Baseball's worst team in 1975, the Tigers, may have improved their attack with the off-season acquisitions of Rusty Staub from the Mets, Catcher Milt May from the Astros and Alex Johnson from the retired list. However, if Ron LeFlore, who aged four years this winter when a check of his prison records showed him to be 28, not 24, retains the centerfield job, Johnson and Staub will make him feel as if he is 128 by running him all over the outfield in pursuit of the balls they miss. To get Staub, the Tigers traded ace Pitcher Mickey Lolich. Now Detroit's top starter is righthander Joe Coleman, who won 10 games, lost 18 and had a 5.55 ERA last season. "John Hiller lost all his hair this winter when he thought about all the games he'll be working in," cracks one Tiger. In fact, ace reliever Hiller intentionally shaved his head one night while watching *Kojak*. Maybe the Tigers will trade him to the Yankees, who presumably appreciate baldness.

—MARK MULVOY

CONTINUED

THE WEST

As manager of the A's, Chuck Tanner at last may have found a focus for his Panglossian view of life. Tanner is a man who sees the best in everything and everyone, including Dick Allen, whom he once more or less managed in Chicago. So what happens when he confronts something as genuinely good as the A's, winners of the American League's Western Division five years in succession and world champions from 1972 through 1974? "I have never been so excited in my life," he says, predictably.

However, Tanner might find it difficult to maintain his optimism, because undoubtedly this is the year that many forecasters will consign the A's to purgatory. They were soundly drubbed by the Red Sox in last year's league playoffs, and besides, aren't they growing old? No, they are not. With the exception of Shortstop Bert Campaneris, who is 34, most of the Oakland stars are about 30, which is supposed to be the age when ballplayers are at their peak. The A's did not hurt themselves in the age department by acquiring Pitcher Mike Torrez (20-9) and Outfielder Don Baylor (282, 25 homers, 76 RBIs and 32 stolen bases) from Baltimore in exchange for lefty Ken Holtzman and Outfielder Reggie Jackson. At 29 and 26, respectively, Torrez and Baylor are coming off their best seasons, while 30-year-old Holtzman (18-14) and 29-year-old Jackson (36 homers but only a .253 average) are not. Baylor can also play first base, which could enable Joe Rudi to move back to left field and Claudell Washington to shift from left to right, where he is more comfortable. Torrez gives Oakland a solid right-handed starter to go along with lefty Vida Blue (22-11). Another pitcher picked up in the trade, righty Paul Mitchell, was 3-0 in a brief stint with the Orioles last season and could be a surprise asset to Oakland. Moreover, the A's can expect better years from Rudi and Campaneris, who were injured much of last year, and Third Baseman Sal Bando, who slumped to .230.

This year Tanner may have a Rookie of the Year in 21-year-old righthander Mike Norris, who has yet to allow an earned run in 16-plus innings of big-league pitching. Norris shut out the White Sox in his first start last season, set down

the Royals with one hit in seven innings of his second, then hurt his arm throwing to the second batter in his third appearance. Bone chips were extracted from the injured limb, and Norris now appears ready to take up where he left off last April. Stan Bahnen and Dick Bosman are also available as starters, and behind them are Rollie Fingers, Paul Lindblad and Jim Todd, who had 43 saves among them

last season and appear to be the best relief combination in baseball. The other A's—Catcher Gene Tenace, Rudi, Campaneris, Bando and Outfielders Bill North and Washington—are the fierce and proud warriors of old, and they have an extra incentive this year that stems from the odd turns that contract "negotiations" between Owner Charles O. Finley and his players have taken over the years. With the relaxation of the reserve clause, some Oakland players are planning for this to be their last year under Finley's parsimonious stewardship, a perverse situation that should inspire this unique team to work even harder than usual—just to make sure Finley misses them when they are gone. It

is no longer necessary to regard Tanner's beaming countenance and inquire, "Why is this man laughing?"

Oakland's most dogged pursuers should once again be the Royals, winners of 91 games in 1975. Kansas City finished strong last season, winning 41 of its final 66 games under its newest manager, Whitey Herzog. That spurt was enough to plant a haunting suspicion among the Royals that the A's can be overtaken.

Kansas City has the pitching to give it a good try. Herzog was able to name his starting rotation of Steve Busby, Paul Splittorff, Al Fitzmorris, Dennis Leonard and Doug Bird even before the start of spring training. Busby had a fine 18-12 season in 1975, but he was bothered by a sore arm during the exhibition season. Still, he feels that he can fatten his record by making certain gastronomic adjustments. "I wasn't eating enough last year," he insists. Splittorff, as his name would suggest, had a divided season—a rotten first half and an excellent second. Pieced together they added up to a mediocre 9-10 record, which was well under his 20-win potential. Diet was not his problem, just

continued



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"inconsistency," which he vows to overcome. Meet Paul Wholeroff.

Centerfield Amos Otis also has a food problem. "I couldn't eat," he says, describing his predicament after an attack of tonsillitis. Going into last season, Otis had a .292 career batting average in the American League, but he lost 20 pounds from an already slender physique and finished with a sickly .247. He has since gained 35 pounds and hopes to add at least that many points to his batting average. If Otis is as whole as Splitfitter plans to be, the Royals' pursuit of the A's could produce real fireworks. At 26, First Baseman John Mayberry (34 homers, 106 RBIs and a second place in the Most Valuable Player voting) is approaching his power peak, and in Outfielder Hal McRae (.306) and Third Baseman George Brett (.308 with a league-leading 195 hits), Kansas City has proven hitters. Brett firmly established last year that he is a better batter than his pitcher-brother, Ken. The question remains: Can he hit Ken's pitching? With Ken traded by Pittsburgh to the Yankees, George will at least have the opportunity to try. "Ken says the first time he sees me, he's going to stick me in the ribs," says George. "I think he means it." Ken may be planning to do that once the season opens, but when the two met in a spring game—during which Ken set down the nine other Royals he faced—Pitcher Brett fed Hitter Brett a fat fastball. George turned it into a home run.

The most improved team in the division should be the Angels, whose only virtue a year ago was speed. Roadrunners Mickey Rivers and Morris Nettles have been traded, so California is unlikely to steal 220 bases again. The Angels have replaced thievery with thumpiness in Bobby Bonds and Bill Melton. Together they hit only eight fewer home runs (47) than the entire California team did a year ago. And Bonds is no slowpoke. With a game leg, he still stole 30 bases for the Yankees in 1975. Bonds' leg is well again and, more important, so is Nolan Ryan's arm. After he pitched his fourth no-hitter early last season, Ryan's Express went off the track. Four bone chips were removed from his elbow, and this spring he was throwing as hard as ever. According to scientific devices, that is harder than anyone has ever thrown. Ryan's distinction as the league's strikeout leader was assumed last year by his left-handed teammate, Frank Tanana, who won 16 games, had a 2.62 ERA and fanned 9.42 batters for every nine innings he pitched. If Ryan is indeed healthy, the Angels will have the two hardest-throwing starters in baseball. After them, however, there isn't much. Manager Dick Williams is planning on a five-man rotation, the third, fourth and fifth starters to be selected from a long list of candidates. Look for Don Kirkwood, a tall rightlander, to win one job.

Williams also has three-fourths of an infield with Dave Chalk at third, Jerry Remy at second and Bruce Bochte at first. At short he has Orlando Ramirez, Mike Miloy and Billy Smith, in order of their appearance a year ago. Ramirez is the early-line favorite for the position, although he hit only .240 and committed 16 errors in his 40 appearances. In the outfield Bonds will be in right, Lee Stanton in center or left, swift Dave Collins in left or on the bench and Rusty Torres in whatever is left over. Melton will be the designated hitter or, if no shortstop comes through, the third baseman, with Chalk moving to short. Though he once man-

aged the A's, Williams is no Tanner when it comes to optimism. Nevertheless, he says, "We think we've helped ourselves more than anyone."

Help is what the three remaining teams in the division will need. Minnesota has a new manager in Gene Mauch and, quite possibly, a new first baseman in Rod Carew, last year's second baseman. As usual, Carew was the league's batting champion with a .359 average, and no matter where he plays he is a solid bet to succeed himself. The Twins can hit. Outfielders Larry Hise (.314), Steve Braun (.302) and Dan Ford (.280 with 15 homers) are all solid knockers, but they lack home-run power. And Minnesota is weak defensively, particularly where it counts—at second and short. Shortstop Danny Thompson wrote a book during the off-season, which he appropriately entitled *L-6*. Despite the title, Thompson was not as critical of his own notable shortcomings as those of Carew. If Carew remains at second, the Twins will have the least congenial keystone combination since Johnny Evers stopped speaking to Joe Tinker. Minnesota does have three reliable starters in Bert Blyleven (15-10), Dave Goltz (14-14) and Jim Hughes (16-14 as a rookie), but an unsettled infield and a singles-hitting offense will cost them.

Pitching is the Rangers' shortcoming, particularly since the departure to Boston of Ferguson Jenkins. Manager Frank Lucchesi is counting, perhaps foolishly, on a return to prominence of Bill Singer and Nelson Briles, both of whom had dismal 1975 seasons with other teams. Singer was 7-15 with a 4.98 ERA at California, and Briles was 6-6 with a 4.26 ERA at Kansas City. Gaylord Perry (18-17) may amount enough sinkers to help some, but he is a rusting 37, while David Clyde, who spent most of last year compiling a 12-8 record in the Eastern League, is finally achieving his majority after a celebrated adolescence. Now all that remains for him to do is prove that he is a major league pitcher.

The Rangers will try a shortstop, 23-year-old Roy Smalley, at second base and permanently return their acknowledged star, Toby Harrah (.293, 20 homers), to short, where he belongs. Jeff Burroughs, who hit only .226 in 1975, will seek to regain his MVP form of 1974, and newcomer Juan Beniquez (.291 with the Red Sox) will add punch, but no defense, in center field.

With five different trouser styles, nine new players, a new manager who is old and a new owner who is the game's most entertaining personality, the White Sox will be both dapper and arresting. They may even be quaint, especially when they are wearing their clam-digger pants, but they will not be big winners. Manager Paul Richards, 67, who last managed the Sox in 1954, will have enough speed to suggest the go-go Chicago teams of the late '50s. New arrivals Ralph Garr and Morris Nettles can fly. Garr also used to be able to hit .350. He slumped to .278 last year, perhaps because he tried too hard to justify the whopping pay increase he had earned from the Braves through arbitration.

The Sox are nothing if not progressive. In one of his first official acts, new Owner Bill Veeck ordered the artificial infield replaced with grass and the centerfield fence moved back to 440 feet from home plate. Progressive? That is downright revolutionary.

—RON FIMBIZ
CONTINUED

NATIONAL LEAGUE '76

THE LITTLE BIG MAN

Only 5' 7", Joe Morgan is baseball's most complete player. He harasses pitchers, hits, steals, scores and fields, all with an air of arrogance

BY MARK MULVOY

"C'mon, let's go," said Little Joe Morgan, opening the car door. "I'm a movin' man, you know. Got to run over to San Francisco now and get some cuts and chalk and stuff for my new pool table, then got to play some golf. We can do all our talking on the move."

Morgan had just spoken at a luncheon at the Lemington Hotel in Oakland, where he had told the members of the Kiwanis Club, "You American League fans know me as the little guy from Cincinnati who hit that damn blooper that beat Boston in the World Series." He also had recently returned from the Super-teams competition in Hawaii. "The Reds beat the Red Sox easy, but we lost the finals to the Steelers," Morgan said as he left the hotel. "They didn't cheat this time, like they did in that playoff game with my Raiders in January when they let the sides of the field get all iced up so the Raiders couldn't work their down-and-out passes. At the Super-teams, it came down to the last event, the tag-of-war, and we had no chance. The Steel-



ers' smallest guy must've outweighed me by at least 100 pounds."

Morgan steered his lime-green-and-cream Cadillac for the Bay Bridge toll booth with the shortest line. "Hey, lend me a half a buck, will you?" he said. Morgan took the two quarters and handed them to the attendant, then slowly pulled away from the booth. Fred Lynn's name entered the conversation. Had the National League's Most Valuable Player talked much with the American League's Most Valuable Player on baseball's banquet circuit?

"I got to know Fred in Hawaii," Morgan said. "He's a great kid, really smart, but I'm worried about him. To be a star, to stay a star, I think you've got to have a certain air of arrogance about you, a cockiness, a swagger on the field that says, 'I can do this, and you can't stop me.' Like when I get to first base and take my lead, the way I take that lead—the mannerisms I use—tells the pitcher, 'I'm going, and what're you planning to do about it?' I know that I play baseball with this air of arrogance, but I think it's lacking in a lot of guys who have the potential to be stars. You know, once you get tapped as a star, once you have the type of year that Freddy had, they're always after you. They say, 'We've got to stop this guy Morgan or this guy Lynn from getting on base.' The concentration on you is harder than it is on any .250 hitter. To be a star, to stay a star, you've got to cope with all this and still be able to do what you want." Morgan spotted the billiards supply store and angled his car against the curb.

"What worries me about Lynn is that he doesn't seem to have this air of arrogance," said Morgan. "It's always been part of my makeup. Maybe it comes from being a little guy. I've always been a lot pushier than other people. Joe Morgan has never waited for things to happen. No, sir. Joe Morgan has always made things happen."

Little Joe Morgan's 1975 happenings included a National League pennant and a World Championship for the Cincinnati Reds and a Most Valuable Player Award for himself, which he won 321½-154 over Philadelphia's Greg Luzinski in the most lopsided MVP balloting in league history. On the field the 5'7", 157-pound Morgan did not simply swagger with arrogance. He radiated it with every action, from the savage pumps of his muscular left arm as he awaited pitches

to the brash way he called his teammates off infield pops. Morgan won his third straight Gold Glove award for fielding excellence, led the league with 132 bases on balls, finished second in stolen bases with 67 in 77 attempts, was fourth in hitting with a .327 average and fourth in runs scored with 107, had 17 home runs, drove in 94 runs and hit into only three ground-ball double plays, a league low. Morgan also tied Tony Perez as the Reds' leader in game-winning hits with 15.

In the National League playoffs against Pittsburgh, Morgan destroyed



the Pirates with four stolen bases, and in the World Series against the Red Sox he won the controversial third game with a 10th-inning single and the climactic seventh game with what he now affectionately calls "that darn blooper" in the ninth inning. As a reward for all these accomplishments, the 32-year-old Morgan—pound for pound or by any other determination the most complete player in baseball—recently signed a contract that increased his annual salary from \$1,000 per pound to more than \$1,200 per pound, or a total of \$200,000 for the 1976 season.

"I'm very proud of that darn blooper," Morgan said during the drive back across the bridge to Oakland. "Very few

continued



players in the big leagues would have made contact with that pitch, believe me. In fact, the kid [Jim Burton] made an almost perfect pitch to me, a slider low and away. Three or four years ago I definitely would have struck out on that pitch. I have very good discipline at the plate, and at that moment all I wanted to do was hit a single to center field. That discipline kept me from pulling off the pitch, kept the pitch from being too far away from me, like it would have been for a normal hitter," Morgan thought for

a moment. "Dick Groat told me years ago not to believe the old baseball saying that your blooper hits and your line-drive outs even up during a year. He was 100% correct. I've hit far more line drives that have been caught than *darn* bloopers that have dropped in, simply because good hitters like me hit more line drives than bloopers. Think about the Series. Dwight Evans [the Sox Rightfielder] robbed me of what probably would have been a Series-winning home run in the sixth game, then I won it the next night

his putt and missed an easy birdie. "The trouble with this Arnold Palmer putter of mine is that I'm using it like Arnold Palmer," Morgan groaned. "I haven't sunk a putt in months. I think I'm going to switch back to my Jack Nicklaus putter on the next hole." He did, but he pulled another makable birdie putt. "I guess it's me, not the putter," he said. "All I know is that this game's a lot more frustrating than baseball."

As he took off toward the next tee, he spoke again of baseball. "I cherish the fact that I'm considered the most complete player in the game," Morgan said. "I'm not saying the 'best' but the 'most complete.' The 'best' is always a matter of opinion, but the 'most complete' is right there on paper. I'm blessed with the ability to do more things than other people can. I'm not the best power hitter in baseball, not the best hitter for average, not the best fielder, not the best base stealer. But when you put all those things together, no player in baseball can do any two of them better than Joe Morgan. Take stealing. Forget how many bases people steal. No one in the world can steal a single base better than I can. If there's one base to be stolen with two out in the bottom of the ninth inning, I can steal it.

"Listen. I've always believed that a .320 hitter is not an asset to a team unless he also contributes in other areas. I remember something that Ron Brand told me when I played in Houston, something that put the meaning of 'asset' in focus for me. I was hitting about .280, and I was talking real cocky, and Brand said to me, 'Joe, a lot of guys hit .280, but there aren't any other players in baseball who can get on base like you can. That's what you should be proud of, not your .280.' At the time I didn't take what he said in the right way, but now I'm proud of all the walks I get. To me, my greatest moments are when I walk, steal second and third, then score on a sacrifice fly. We've produced a run without a time at bat. Think what it does to a pitcher's mind when he hasn't given up a hit but he's gotten one run behind." Delighted at the imaginary pitcher's distress, Morgan began to laugh.

"Something like that happened last season when we beat Tom Seaver 5-3 just before the All-Star break. Seaver was dealing with us, mowing us down. We had maybe one hit for six innings. I was in a slump, too, but I walked to open

continued



with my only blooper in seven games."

Morgan drove to the Alameda municipal golf course about 10 miles from the Oakland airport, parked behind the pro shop, opened the trunk of his car and transferred his golf clubs from a bulky green-and-white tournament bag to a lighter Sunday bag. "There are no caddies here, just pull carts, so I'll lug my own clubs around and walk for the exercise," he said.

Morgan pushed his drive on the first hole, and the ball disappeared into a ditch. "Mulligan," he shouted, teeing up another ball. This time he cracked a perfect drive, drawing the ball into the center of the fairway. He followed that shot with a high eight-iron approach to within four feet of the cup, but pulled

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the seventh. Now Seaver was mad at himself. I could see him saying, "How can I walk that little jerk?" He knew that if he had thrown me strikes I was out, because his stuff was uncatchable. So I went to work on his concentration. When a great pitcher like Seaver gets into a certain rhythm, you're dead unless you break it. By walking—on quite a close pitch, as I remember—I automatically changed something for Seaver. He had been rocking and firing the ball, now he had to work out of a stretch. I forced him to make a couple of tosses over to first, then I stole second base on his first pitch. He was really upset with himself now. I kept jumping around out at second, trying to distract him, and I'm sure Seaver didn't know what I was going to do next, steal third or stay put. Well, with all this going on, he hung a curveball for Perez. Tony hit it out of the park, and we won the game."

Morgan quit after nine holes, stored his bag in the trunk and rushed home for dinner with his wife Gloria and his two daughters, 6-year-old Lisa and 3-year-old Angie. "When I'm in town, the family always has dinner together at six o'clock," he said. That must be just about the only time the Morgans are together, because by 7:45 the next morning Little Joe, wearing a floppy white hat and a rubber jacket over his sweat suit, was trucking down balls at the Oakland Hills Tennis Club. Ron Trentler, the club's social director, studied Morgan as he raced from one side of the court to the other, relentlessly returning the cut shots and lobs hit by lanky Don DeNevi, a criminology professor at Oakland's Merritt Junior College and one of the top-seeded players in the club. "Don runs Joe crazy about four mornings a week," Trentler said. "Joe plays for exercise, but he says that tennis also helps his hand-eye coordination. When he retires from baseball, I'll bet he becomes a very respectable tennis player."

Trentler sat down and poured a cup of coffee. "Joe has always been Little Joe around Oakland," he said. "We played baseball together as kids down at Elmhurst Park on 98th Avenue in East Oakland. I still remember our first meeting. I was captain of the Dukes in the Young American League, and I had first choice when we selected players for the teams. I didn't know Joe Morgan from a hole in the ground, but I had heard a lot of the other captains say they were going

to pick Joe Morgan first. So I beat them to it and picked Joe for the Dukes. Then this little kid popped out of the crowd, the smallest kid around, and I thought I had been taken. After I picked my team, I asked each kid where he wanted to play. Joe said, 'I play second base,' not 'I want to play second base.' He baited .900-something for the Dukes every year, and he always led the league in home runs. There were no fences at Elmhurst Park, and Joe hit line drives over the first baseman's head that didn't stop rolling until he had raced around the bases.

"Joe was overly aggressive on the field in those days, just as he is now. One day he wanted to pitch, so I said, 'O.K., I'll play second base.' Well, the first two batters hit balls that went right through my legs for errors, and Joe was hopping mad. He walked out to second base and glared at me. 'They weren't even bad hops, Romeo,' he said. 'Here. You take the ball and go back to pitching, and I'll show you how to play second base.'"

Just then Morgan came into the clubhouse dripping with perspiration. "Hey, Joe," Trentler said, "I really crack up when I hear those television announcers marvel at how good you are at second base, even though you have to play on all types of surfaces and have to worry about bad hops off the seams. Those people have never seen Elmhurst Park. The infield at Elmhurst was sandy, powdery dust with a lot of pebbles. In some places you sank in four or five inches of sand, in other places you stood on rocks. Balls would hit into the sand and skid on you, or they'd hit the rocks and hop on you. What those TV people don't realize is that Little Joe was born learning how to play bad hops on the worst infield you can possibly imagine."

"I always wanted to be a big-league ballplayer," Morgan said as he wiped the sweat from his forehead. "We lived on 61st Street, not far from the old Oakland Oaks park, and my father took me to five games a week when the Oaks were home. I saw Jim Marshall, Steve Billek, all those big home-run hitters. When I was 12, Jackie Robinson was the only thing in my mind. I had a Jackie Robinson glove and a Jackie Robinson bat. Then when I was 14, I became a Nellie Fox fan. He was a little guy, and I figured that if he could make it to the big leagues, I could, too. Nellie and I later became good friends; in fact, it was Nellie who suggested that I flap my left arm while I'm

at bat in order to keep my elbow away from my side and get all the short fly balls out of my swing. Nellie and I had a long talk on the telephone last fall, just before he died."

After drying himself, Morgan drove home and worked for an hour on the universal gym set up in his garage. He punched a speed bag, squeezed hand grips, tried some wrist rollers and some curls. Finishing his workout, Morgan sopped in the kitchen, poured himself a tall glass of milk, sat down and began to fiddle with some dominoes while waiting for Gloria to complete a telephone conversation. "I play dominoes to keep my mind in condition for baseball," he said. "Dominoes require concentration, just like baseball does, and I'm a very good dominoes player. In dominoes you have to concentrate hard on little things that happen and be able to remember them later in the game. It's the same thing in baseball. When I make a mistake on the field, I put that mistake in the back of my head. Then when the same situation presents itself again, it all comes back to me, and I don't make the same mistake again."

"My biggest assets are my concentration and my discipline. When I'm at bat, my self-discipline is so strong that I'll consistently take pitches a sliver off the plate because I know that they're balls. Joe Morgan will stand there and wait to get a pitch he knows he can handle, because if Joe Morgan starts to swing at pitches out of the strike zone, he won't be a good hitter. Most people don't have that kind of discipline. Same with base stealing. I usually can tell when most runners are planning to steal because they don't have the self-discipline to stand around the base and relax. They get impatient, too anxious, and as a result they tip their hands. When I'm on base, no one knows what I'm going to do. That's discipline."

Gloria put down the telephone. "How many people we got coming to the pig roast Sunday?" Morgan asked. "About 36 so far, not counting all their kids," she said. Morgan looked surprised. "What kids?" he said. "Hey, this pig roast is for adults only. Just tell them that we don't like to have a lot of kids running around the pool without any supervision, O.K.?" Gloria nodded her head.

"I met Gloria when I was in the 11th grade and she was in the ninth," Morgan said. "She knows the one word that

continued

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LITTLE BIG MAN *continued*

really ticks me off, the one word I hate, but she doesn't use it very often. It's 'punk.' I don't like it when people call Joe Morgan a punk!"

Morgan walked back into what he calls his "music room," which also serves as his trophy room. He checked his telephone recorder, returned a dozen calls, confirmed a scheduled appearance at a local church function and arranged a golf date for the following morning at the Cypress Point Club in Pebble Beach. Then he sat back in his lounge chair and talked baseball again.

"People don't know Joe Morgan the baseball player," he said. "They don't know about Joe Morgan's dedication. There were times last year when I was hitting .330 and still went to the batting cage and hit for an hour or more because my swing was not where I wanted it. Ted Kluszewski is our hitting coach, and he stays on my case, which is cool. When he sees that I'm beginning to uppercut the ball, he tells me, 'Joe, you're hitting funky,' and off we go to the cage. I have a batting tee in my garage, too, and I hit tennis balls off it in an attempt to keep my swing level. I also watch films for hours on my video machine, studying my swing to pick out little things that might keep me from falling into a slump. In fact, I've even got a little poem that I like to recite to myself when I'm slumping. It goes like this:

See the ball before you stride,

Let it go if it's outside.

If it's a curve, it should break down,

So jack up and hit it downtown.

"Believe me, Ted and I have worked long, long hours to get all the fly balls out of my swing. You know what they say: 'When a little guy hits the ball in the air, it comes down and he's out, but when a big guy hits the ball in the air, he trots around the bases.' What power I have comes from my bat speed; in fact, my bat is probably as fast as anyone's in baseball. The quickness in my bat actually makes the ball jump off it. This quickness also allows me to have a fraction more discipline at the plate than other guys, because I know I can wait longer to see the ball. And the longer I wait, the better I am able to determine whether the pitch is going to be in or out of the strike zone." He paused. "Quickness, discipline, concentration, dedication. They're all part of Joe Morgan's baseball game."

Morgan put on his air of arrogance the next morning when his golfing partner, Doc Russo, stopped his car to pick up Milwaukee Relief Pitcher Ed Sprague for the ride to Cypress Point. "Hey, Ed," Morgan said from the back seat, "I'll bet you that you don't break 90 at Cypress." Sprague turned around. "You're on," he said to Morgan. Little Joe tried to hide a grin. "C'mon, Doc," he shouted, "you've got a whole heap of lanes open. Kick it in the rear, get it cruisin', I got me a fish. Of' Ed here has never seen Cypress. Wait till he gets to the 16th hole. He'll shoot his 90 on the 16th alone, if he doesn't run out of golf balls first. Ed, you got no chance."

Morgan laughed again. "Normally I never talk to pitchers, not even Ed," he said. "I made an exception with Bill Lee of the Red Sox during the World Series. He made a statement in the paper that I didn't like, something to the effect that 'to stop Morgan from stealing, all I have to do is look him in his eyes and freeze him.' At the time I guessed that Lee meant freezing me like you freeze an animal when you're hunting him down. Well, when I reached first base in the seventh game, I stood by the bag and yelled to Lee, 'Are you watching my eyes?' Then I yelled, 'I'm going to steal the base.' And, you know, I stole it without even sliding."

Sprague mentioned that Lee had led the American League in pickoffs. "In my opinion, he doesn't have a good move," Morgan said. "He might have a good move for average base runners, because they don't read him well. Good base runners should be able to read someone like Lee pretty easily."

"People don't realize it, but it's harder to be a good base stealer than it is to be a good hitter. Everyone loves to hit. The first thing every kid does is reach for a bat. Same thing in the big leagues. Hitting is fun. When you're a base stealer, you've got to do more things than a hitter. For instance, when a hitter pops up, he usually banges his helmet onto the ground, takes his bat and disappears into the dugout tunnel for a few practice swings. But when a base stealer pops up, he has to go back to the bench, take a seat and study the people directly involved with his base stealing. The rhythm of the pitcher, the habits of the catcher, the motions of the first baseman. By doing this, when the base stealer finally does get on base, he will not have to



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waste two or three pitches figuring out what's going on.

"Now, I'm not about to divulge any secrets I discovered about Lee's pick-off move, but I studied him when he was in the bullpen and on the mound and got his rhythm and delivery down pat. As a rule, I can tell what a pitcher's going to do—throw to first base or throw to the plate—by the first move he makes. You see, I've advanced to the point where I see a pitcher's total body; I don't focus on any part of it. I don't have to look specifically at his head or his shoulders or his legs, but I still see all of them in perfect focus. It all gets to be like a green light that says 'go' or a red light that says 'stop.' With left-handers like Lee, that first telltale move usually is in their legs. They lift their right leg straight at you, and if they go past a certain point, they have to throw to first base. If not, they have to throw home. To me, it's easier to steal against a lefty than a right-hander, because I can clearly see every move that the left-hander makes.

"I almost always steal on pitchers, not catchers, and there's a good reason for that. If I get my jump against the pitcher, the catcher has very little chance of throwing me out. Sometimes he will make a great throw and nail me, but there's never a time when I'm counting on a catcher to make a really poor throw, a throw so bad that I'll be able to get in there safely."

Sprague turned around again and said, "It's a good thing you don't play in the American League, because now I'd pick you off easy." Morgan laughed. "We'll see what you do with Cypress Point first," he said.

Walking to the 16th tee, Sprague needed only two bogeys and a par to shoot an 89 and win his bet with Morgan. Then he saw the hole, probably the toughest par-3 in golf, stretching 225 yards across water and ice plant to an invisible green set on a cliff above the Pacific. "Unreal," said the six-foot, 200-pound Sprague, reaching for his driver. On this day, with a biting wind directly

in the faces of the golfers, even Nicklaus would have had difficulty reaching the green with anything but a helicopter. Sprague deposited his first drive into the ocean. Then his second. Then his third. Then his fourth. Hitting nine now, counting all his penalty strokes, Sprague finally played safely to the left side of the cliff.

"What're you laughing at, you cocky little bleep?" Sprague snapped at Morgan. "Let's see how many balls you hit into the ocean."

Morgan, who was on his way to shooting a very respectable 83 from the back tees, put down his driver and took a four-iron from his caddy. "I'm playing safe, Ed," he said. "I'm not going for that green. I'm just a little guy, you know, not a big hitter like you." Morgan cracked a perfect iron across to the fairway, chipped close to the pin and dropped the putt for his par.

"Ed, you have two choices," Morgan said. "You can pay me now, or you can pay me later."

CONTINUED

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A REDS-BUCS BOOM

THE WEST

With 108 victories and a world championship last season, the Reds left themselves a tough act to follow. But neither a pitching staff allegedly short on depth nor the prospect of marked improvement in the rest of the division should preclude an encore for Cincinnati. Although the Reds are coming off their finest season, they may be better on the field—if not in the won-lost column—this year.

In 1975 strong offense and fielding allowed the Reds to run away from their pursuers, the closest of whom, the Dodgers, finished 20 games back. Cincinnati's relentless march to the pennant tended to obscure the fact that Manager Sparky Anderson had no pitcher who won more than 15 games. He lost his best man, left-hander Don Gullett, for nine weeks and endured a record stretch of 45 games during which no starter went the distance.

Unbelievably, another subpar position for the Reds was catcher. Johnny Bench toiled with a lot of smashed cartilage in his left shoulder. Still, he hit .283, had more than 25 homers (28) for the seventh consecutive season, knocked in more than 100 runs (110) for the fifth time and won his eighth straight Gold Glove. It is no solace to Cincinnati's rivals that Bench's shoulder is healthier following off-season surgery.

Further sad tidings for Reds opponents is that the shortening of spring training seems certain to benefit Cincinnati more than any team in the West, because it has both a set lineup and a glut of pitchers accustomed to working only six or seven innings. As for the opposition's lone remaining hope—that the Reds will grow fatheaded from success—Second Baseman Joe Morgan says, "I don't see any problems. We don't have the kind of guys who would let each other get complacent." He's right.

Critics rap the Reds' staff for having pitched only 22 complete games last season, but they ignore the fact that Cincinnati had an excellent 3.37 staff ERA and that Gullett was superb. Although his injury limited him to 22 starts, he was 15 and 4, with a 2.42 ERA and eight complete games.

To go along with a sound Gullett, Anderson has Fred Norman (12-4 last year), who won nine of 10 decisions between June 21 and the end of the season; Gary Nolan, who came back after missing nearly two seasons to ring up a 15-9 record and allow only 29 walks; Jack Billingham (15-10), and Pat Darcy, an 11-game winner as a rookie. The rotation could be in trouble if Norman and Billingham, both 33, falter. Even if they do not, Anderson often will bring in Rawly Eastwick or Will McEnaney, last season's remarkable rookies who combined for 37 saves.

On offense, George Foster's taking over in left field was a key to Cincinnati's success. He hit .300 with 23 homers and 78 RBIs. Right-fielder Ken Griffey, who scored the winning run in both the Series and league championships, batted .305, stole 16 bases and beat out 38 infield hits. Pete Rose, who moved to third base on May 3 to open a spot

for Foster in the outfield and now plans to make the position his fourth on the All-Star team, batted .317 and had his seventh 200-hit season. Shortstop Dave Concepcion won his second straight Gold Glove and stole 21 bases in a row, and Morgan did everything. According to a complex formula involving a variety of statistical categories, he was the top offensive player in the league. At first base, Tony Perez leads all active major-leaguers in RBIs. Last year he quietly drove in 109.

The Reds were first in defense, second in hitting and third in pitching. "They were a great team that had a great season," says Pirate Manager Danny Murtaugh. Barring an epidemic of bad arms, the Reds should be great again.

The Dodgers are banking on the recovery of a bad arm—the one attached to Tommy John's left shoulder—not only to give the Reds a stiffer challenge, but also to take up the slack created by Andy Messersmith's journey into free agency.

In mid-1974 John was 13-3 when he ruptured a ligament in his throwing arm. Surgeons grafted a tendon from John's

*continued*

right forearm into his left elbow, and purists now may argue whether he qualifies as a southpaw. John himself is more interested in regaining his spot among the Los Angeles starters; toward that end, he pitched impressively this winter in the Arizona Instructional League.

The uncompensated departure of 19-game winner Messersmith would be a blow to any team less blessed than the Dodgers, who led the league in pitching for the second straight year. Manager Walter Alston's rotation includes righthanders Don Sutton (16-13 with a 2.87 ERA) and Burt Hooton (13-9, 2.81) and lefthander Doug Rau (15-9). Mike Marshall, who suffered a rib injury that cut down his appearances from 106 to 57, will head the bullpen—if he doesn't spend too much time away from the Dodgers settling his feud over playground rights at Michigan State.

"We're not too big, but we cover a lot of ground," says First Baseman Steve Garvey of the Dodger infield. Garvey, Second Baseman Davey Lopes, Shortstop Bill Russell and Ken Cey, the waddling third baseman, helped Los Angeles finish second in defense, and they victimized opposing pitchers while backing their own. Garvey hit .319 with 18 home runs. Cey had 25 homers and led the Dodgers with 101 RBIs, and Lopes stole 77 bases. This season he is aiming for 100.

To improve run production, which fell by 150 from 1974, Los Angeles acquired 26-year-old Centerfielder Dusty Baker from Atlanta, where he hit .261 with 19 home runs and 72 RBIs. Flanking him will be Leftfielder Bill Buckner and Rightfielder Joe Ferguson, who can also share time with Steve Yeager and Elbie Rodriguez at catcher. In another trade, the Dodgers obtained versatile Ted Sizemore from St. Louis. "He gives us someone who can back up Lopes, Russell and Cey and play the outfield," says Alston. "Most important, he gives us another catcher without costing us a man." That could be significant since both Ferguson and Yeager are coming off injuries.

The Giants spent most of the off-season wondering whether they would wind up in Washington, Toronto, Tokyo or debtors' prison before Horace Stoneham sold the club to owners who are keeping it in San Francisco. In an effort to boost the Giants' woeful attendance, which was barely above 500,000 for the second straight year, the new owners have promised to bring tastier food and infrared heating to icy Candlestick Park.

However, San Francisco fans may get a warmer glow from a good young pitching staff headed by John (the Count) Montefusco, whose flair for being a character is exceeded only by his ability to put heat on his fastball. As he had predicted, Montefusco last season was selected Rookie of the Year after a 15-9 record and 215 strikeouts in 244 innings. This year the Count has mentioned that he will win the Cy Young Award. Doubt him at your own risk.

To lead a team that is one of the youngest in baseball and counts heavily on its pitching staff, the Giants named Bill Rigney their new manager. A self-described "pitcher's manager," Rigney will try to get the most out of his young arms without imperiling any of them. And he hopes to get plenty out of Ken Reitz, a solid third baseman obtained from St. Louis, who will complement an infield composed of Chris Speier at short, Derrel Thomas at second and Willie Montanez at first. In the outfield, Centerfielder Von

Joshua, a former second-stringer for the Dodgers who hit .318 as a Giant starter last year, will be joined by Gary Matthews (.280) in left and Bobby Murcer (.298 and 91 RBIs) in right. San Francisco's defense should be more than adequate but, in contrast to Giant tradition, the long ball will be only an occasional weapon. Last year San Francisco had just 84 homers.

"I'm looking forward to a great season. In fact, I'm looking forward to overthrowing Cincinnati," says Montefusco. For once, his braggadocio may have gotten out of hand.

The Braves have nine new players, a new manager in Dave Bristol and a new owner, 37-year-old Ted Turner, who says he wants to do something "about changing the image Atlanta has as Losersville, U.S.A."

Trades could help make winners of the Braves. Jim Wynn, Ken Henderson and Tom Paciorek have been acquired for the outfield. Darrel Chaney, Lee Lacy and Jerry Royster have been obtained for the infield; and Roger Moret, 14-3 last year with Boston, and Dick Ruthven, 2-2 with the Phillies, have been added to the pitching staff. Wynn could hit 35 homers now that he will play half his games in Atlanta Stadium, but his throwing arm is suspect. So is the depth of the Braves' pitching staff. Phil Niekro, 15-15 last season, Carl Morton (17-16) and Moret are good enough, but none of them qualifies as a stopper. Buzz Capra, 16-8 in 1974, could fill that role if he recovers from the shoulder problems that limited him to 12 appearances last season.

Speaking of troubles, the Astros may have more than anyone. Houston's attendance dropped below one million for the first time last year as the Astros lost 97 games, 41 by one run. The team is now owned by its creditors and is up for sale—but no buyers are in sight. Still, General Manager Tal Smith intends to handle the Astros as if they have a long future. "We have to be concerned with building a team for the seasons ahead," he says.

Smith and Manager Billy Virdon have a cornerstone in Cesar Cedeno, if he will just play up to his ability. He had a .288 average, 13 homers and 50 stolen bases last year but still disappointed one teammate, who says, "If Cesar ever gets it all together, you'll see him hit .340-.350, steal 70 bases, get 35 homers and drive in 120 runs." The Astros already are solidly served at shortstop by slick-fielding Roger Metzger and at first base by Bob Watson, who batted .324 with 18 homers and 85 RBIs. Less firm is the pitching. No starter had an ERA under 4.00.

San Diego finished last in the league in hitting, home runs, runs scored and fielding in 1975, when pitching carried the Padres to fourth place in the division. The pitching coach, Tom Morgan, has resigned, leaving his job to Roger Craig, who may find it tough to duplicate last season's 3.48 staff ERA and 40 complete games. San Diego's top pitcher was Randy Jones (20-12), whose 2.24 ERA was the league's best. He does not seem likely to lose his touch, but the rest of the Padres' young pitchers may already have lost theirs. They tailed off badly during the second half of the season.

That was understandable since San Diego's hitters gave them minimal support with a .244 team average and only 78 homers. Things are not likely to improve much since the Padres are relying mainly on newly acquired Willie Davis, the well-traveled centerfielder who will turn 36 this week, to upgrade speed and hitting.

—RON REID

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8:00/7:00 CENTRAL



THE EAST

In Philadelphia they are advertising a patriotic pennant, with bumper stickers reading THE STAR-SPANGLED PHILLIES, a red-white-and-blue media guide and plans for an Opening Day gala featuring the completion of a Boston-to-Philadelphia horseback ride. Meanwhile, the cry on Society Hill is: the Phillies are coming, the Phillies are coming!

Can Philadelphia win its first pennant since 1950? Possibly. Last year the Phillies finished second, a respectable 6½ games behind the Pirates, despite an inordinate number of injuries. Shortstop Larry Bowa, who averaged .305, and Centerfielder Garry Maddox (.272) missed long stretches, and the pitching staff was forced to rely heavily on 21-year-old rookies Larry Christenson, who had an 11-6 record, and Tom Underwood (14-13). Now Philadelphia's pitching looks dramatically improved. Erstwhile stopper Steve Carlton (15-14) has recovered from bursitis, and the Phils have acquired two proven starters—Jim Kaat (20-14) from the White Sox and Ron Reed (13-13) from the Cardinals.

With a good year from Relievers Tug McGraw, Tom Hilgendorf and Gene Garber, the Phillies easily could lower their 3.82 ERA, the fourth worst in the league. And thanks to First Baseman Dick Allen, the team's good hitting (.269) should get better. Last year Allen bled out until May, reported out of shape and batted .233. This March he was running five miles a day.

But even the Liberty Bell has cracks. The powerful (84 homers, 277 RBIs) all-right-handed heart of the batting order—Allen, Leftfielder Greg Luzinski and Third Baseman Mike Schmidt—struck out 440 times, much to the dismay of Bowa and Second Baseman Dave Cash (.305), who were frequently left on base. The worst offender, league home-run champ Schmidt, had 180 strikeouts and only one sacrifice fly to go with his 38 homers.

The Phillies also need consistency. "We spent too much time worrying about one team," says Bowa. "We would beat the Pirates, then get blown out by somebody else." Most often that someone else was Chicago, which defeated

Philadelphia 12 times in 18 games. Regardless of the opposition, the Phils will get a lift and a laugh out of the league's best double-play combination, Cash and Bowa. Last season they released a record called *Ting-A-Ling, Double Play*. "Three-year-old kids like it," says Bowa's wife Sheena.

Philadelphia kids of any age will not relish comparisons between their team and the Pirates. For one thing, while the Phillies are loaded with former 20-game winners of possibly declining talents, the 1976 Pirates could have their first 20-victory man since Vernon Law in 1960. The most likely candidate is Lefty Jerry Reuss. In 32 starts last year he had an 18-11 record. John Candelaria (8-6), Jim Rooker (13-11) and Doc Medich (16-16 with the Yankees) also have the potential to win 20.

The Pirates believe their bullpen, which consists of righthanders Dave Giusti and Kent Tekulve and lefthander Ramon Hernandez, is underrated. In truth, all Pittsburgh pitching has been unduly maligned. Last year the Pirates gave up fewer earned runs (3.01 per game) than any team in the league except Los Angeles, and fewer homers (79) than anyone.

Pirate pitchers can blame their lack of recognition on Pirate hitters, who have been attracting most of the applause for years. Pittsburgh had four batters—Leftfielder Richie Zisk, Rightfielder Dave Parker, Third Baseman Richie Hebner and First Baseman Willie Stargell—who contributed 10 or more game-winning hits. Second Baseman Rennie Stennett set a modern major league record with seven hits in a nine-inning game, while underrated Centerfielder Al Oliver batted for power (18 homers and 84 RBIs) and Catcher Manny Sanguillen for average (.328).

Despite perennial doubts about Pittsburgh's overall quality, almost every year the Pirates win. "People say we don't run enough," says Manager Danny Murtaugh. "We don't need to. They criticize our relief pitching and defense. There have been times when our fielding has been inconsistent, but it usually all happens in one game." Indeed, Pittsburgh



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made seven errors in one game last season. But such rare instances of total collapse should not be enough to prevent the Pirates from finishing first—and the Phils from ending up second—once more.

And what of New York, the only club in the East to overtake Pittsburgh since 1969? The Mets were in trouble even before spring training began. First, they created a star by trading popular Outfielder Rusty Staub, who had just driven in 105 runs and hit 19 homers, for 35-year-old Pitcher Mickey Lolich, who had just lost 18 games for Detroit. The club brass argued that .302-hitting Mike Vail would provide more speed than Staub in right field. Then Vail dislocated his foot in a basketball game, and he may not have any speed until midseason, if then. As a result, so-so fielder John Milner will take over in right. The power-hitting duties fall on Leftfielder Dave Kingman (36 homers and 88 RBIs last year, but 153 strikeouts, a .231 average and weak defense) and Milner, who averaged 20 homers between 1972 and 1974, then spent most of last season on the bench. No wonder Rookie Manager Joe Frazier—who played in 1,776 minor league games, Bicentennial fans—already has a furrowed brow.

Lolich joins three starters—Jon Matlack (16-12) of the sneaky rising fastball, Jerry Koosman (14-13) of the annual September surge and Tom Seaver (22-9) of the three Cy Young Awards—who are still the best front-line trio in the East. Unfortunately, Koosman may be forced to the bullpen unless Tom Hall (4-3, 4.57 ERA) can supply left-handed relief. "Tommy was a total disappointment to us last year," says General Manager Joe McDonald. "On Sept. 14, the day I told him how disappointed we were, he allowed no hits and struck out three men in 2½ innings. His arm is sound."

Shortstop Bud Harrelson must be no less healthy, if the Mets are to contend. The last time he played up to par was in the final six weeks of the 1973 season, the team's most recent pennant year. During the winter he worked diligently in Florida, lifting weights, jogging on the beach and running in the water to rehabilitate his damaged right knee. "I feel like I can play a full season," he says. The Mets gladly will settle for 125 games.

St. Louis may have cured its shortstop ills by acquiring ex-Cub Don Kessinger. The Cards' shortstops last year—three men took a whack at the position—committed 31 errors and an uncounted number of lesser slip ups of the sort 11-year veteran Kessinger is unlikely to make. With Mike Tyson back at second after an unsatisfactory stint at short, speculation now shifts to third and first, where 23-year-old rookie Hector Cruz and 22-year-old Keith Hernandez will start. Last year Cruz led organized baseball with 122 RBIs. However, it was his first season at third, and he still has trouble charging ground balls. Even so, the Cards were so pleased with his play at Tulsa that they traded Gold Glove winner Ken Retz to the Giants.

Hernandez, a rookie last year, hit .303 for two months and was sent back to the minors. "He didn't get a real chance because we were supposed to contend," says Catcher Ted Simmons. "People forget that I hit .243 my first full year and got to stay up." Simmons has batted .300 in four of his five seasons since, including .332 with 100 RBIs last year. Now he must concentrate on improving his catching—

he led the league with 15 errors and 28 passed balls—and leadership.

The Cardinals are satisfied with their six possible starters. Granted, John Denny (10-7), Pete Falcone (12-11), Bob Forsch (15-10), Harry Rasmussen (5-5), John Curtis (8-9) and Lynn McGlothen (15-13) average just 25 years of age, but this is a fairly solid and very deep rotation. And, St. Louis' strength is in the bullpen, where Fireman of the Year Al Hrabosky (13-3, 1.67 ERA, 22 saves) hangs out, and at the plate, where the league's best-hitting (.273) lineup is led by Outfielders Bake McBride, Reggie Smith and Lou Brock, all of whom averaged .300 or better for the second straight year. They also missed 99 games with assorted injuries. "We don't have the depth of Pittsburgh or Philadelphia, or the pitching of New York," says Brock. So in addition to strong hitting, pitching and fielding, St. Louis needs considerable good fortune.

Everybody's favorite long shots, the Cubs, are not lacking in confidence. "We have gone from rebuilding to professional awareness," says Chicago's professional manager, Jim Marshall. "We're expecting full maturity from Rick Reuschel [11-17], Bill Bonham [13-15] and Ray Burris [15-10]. Darold K. Knowles should beef up our bullpen." This is no small order for a man who had a 6-9 record and a 5.83 ERA last year, but Marshall presses joyously on: "Our outfield of Jose Cardenal [.317], Rick Monday [.267] and Jerry Morales [.270] is as good as any in the league. First Baseman Andy Thornton [.293] had a good last seven weeks, and Second Baseman Manny Trillo [.248] is the best in the league at his position. At third, Bill Madlock [.354] was the league's best hitter. If we can improve another seven games, we'll be over .500 and, in our division, who can tell where that might put us?"

For the Cubs to be that much better, they will need a healthy season from right-handed Pitcher Steve Stone (12-8), who last year won his first five starts and had a 1.15 ERA before being injured. Stone is a part owner of Lettuce Entertain You, a company that operates six Chicago restaurants, including Jonathan Livingston Seafood. Recently he and his partners bought the famed Pump Room. Surely they will not rename *that*? "No. It still will be classy, but not as expensive as it used to be," Stone says. "People of ordinary means will be able to eat there." That is only fitting, since Stone and the Cubs, despite Marshall's lavish claims, probably will be ordinary folks, too.

Montreal has a new manager, Karl Kuehl, and plenty of instability at catcher, in center field and on the mound. Dale Murray (15-8, 3.97) is a good reliever, Woodie Fryman (9-12) and Steve Rogers (11-12) are dependable starters and Outfielder Larry Bittner (.315), Third Baseman Larry Parrish (.274), First Baseman Mike Jorgensen (.261) and Catcher-Outfielder Gary Carter (.270) have shown they can hit well enough. That leaves the Expos with plenty of holes to fill, and Kuehl admits, "I don't know how high we will go in the standings." His statement is a welcome change from past pronouncements; the Expos always have tended to promise more than they could deliver. They have never been winners, and in the Bicentennial season they seem unlikely to improve, despite the urgings of their vocal French-Canadian fans. For this year at least, it's still the U.S. pastime, *mes amis*.

—JIM KAPLAN



'I'LL GIVE \$5 FOR DAYLIGHT'

The author makes his maiden visit to an equal-opportunity quarter-horse track, Texas' Crosby Downs. The fans have equal shots at him

by JAY CRONLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES ORRIS

Crosby Downs is 30 highway miles northeast of Houston's core, or about 25 miles as the crow flies. The crow flies extremely low in these parts because of morning fog, and because there are no hills to worry about.

To reach Crosby Downs you get on the Beaumont Road and proceed past the Southern Bible College and the Sheldon State Fish Hatchery, make a left at Fritz' Auto Parts, and go into the heart of Crosby—no problem, because it is a small town with small arteries and its heart is very hard to miss. You turn right where everybody else is turning right, and this is Crosby Downs. Not Track or Park, Downs.

In Scotland golf is played on links, and in South Texas quarter horses are raced on downs, at least in spirit, because all

there is to Crosby Downs is a dirt track and some shacks.

Quarter horses are raced here most Sundays at noon. But if your horse is entered in the first race, and you have been entered in the last church service, relax, this is a very casual operation. It is even more flexible than come-as-you-are. It is closer to come-as-you-used-to-be, when a horse race was to that tree and back, winner take all.

There are no trees on the dirt track at Crosby Downs. No improvements are scheduled, although there is talk about putting up a rain gauge. But it is hot and dry this Sunday and the wind is already loose.

It costs \$2 a human head and \$1 a horse's head to get through the gate, plus you get a program that lists the entries



for the day's 19 scheduled races. Since this is Sunday, there is an inspirational message across the top of the program for persons of all religious denominations: "This is strictly a training track — no gambling allowed."

The program promises that the races will go off, rain or shine, both of which are liquids that can get the inexperienced dirt-track player in a lot of trouble, especially shine that has been sitting around for a while.

You park in the infield, and you can watch the races from the hood of your car or from the rail or from the steps leading to the race announcer's perch, but whatever you do, don't get under those steps. The seating capacity for this wooden structure appears to be the announcer himself.

If you are not with a horse, or known by the regulars, it is a good idea not to take pictures or perform any act that could be misinterpreted as gathering evidence. It is best to sit on your hood and get the feel of it all.

A young boy, proudly carrying a dollar bill as if it were the flag, said he would take the worst horse in the first race for a buck. This sounded like a good bet to me. I gave him a horse so lifeless all it lacked was a slot on its back for quarters. I won. So did the boy. He volunteered to hold the stakes, took my dollar and went home. He is making somebody a wonderful son.

It is also a good idea to keep your mouth shut for a while to learn the regulations, which are 90% Marquis of Queensberry rules, 10% house rules.

I walked around and tried to blend in with the scenery, which was also green.

The wind was with the horses this day, and there would have been some good times, but there is no official clock. Nobody cares about the time except the time to pay up.

There is an elevated hut on the finish line where a couple of people take pictures of the winners with a camera and Tri-X film, and all results are official unless the race was awfully close and everybody wants to run it again.

The people taking pictures say there have been those who have had second thoughts, those who accused the photographers of tilting the camera one way or the other, thereby altering the finish of a race. Those were sore losers. The camera is anchored and does not move one inch left or right. If the wind blows the entire shack one way or the other, all results are final, with a few minor exceptions, such as if there was an innocent bystander on the track during the race.

The announcer lets you know when a race is about to start and when a horse is loose in the spectator area and, in an aside to a buddy or two, when he has a hunch.

The infield is where you circulate and take care of a little business, and the beer shed is directly across the finish line in the outfield, and since the races are started with a system just a fraction this side of reckless abandon, a person could get stomped coming back with a cool one.

continued



Shimmy on amenities but long on action, the track packs 19 races into a Sunday program. In this one a man would win a "daylight" bet.

But the announcer is very good about protecting the spectators, particularly those who owe him a couple of favors or dollars.

Horses for the next race are brought down from the barn and saddled on the infield side of the finish line. I stood there with my ear to the fence.

A man said to an owner saddling his entry, "I got something says your horse can't win." The owner spat tobacco twice. Once means it is a bet. I decided to mark this horse off the program as a bad risk.

"Which horse is that?" I asked the man who said it couldn't win.

He didn't know its name. I asked a jockey who was about to get on for



A couple of races went off without hitches, except that one black horse almost kicked the starting gate to smithereens. The gate is rusty and feeble. The horse that tried to get the gate off its back had bugged eyes and twitching muscles and was full of energy.

The man I watched the race with said that was not all the horse was full of, and he winked, kind of like the horse had. He said that you could have operated on that animal before the race and it wouldn't have felt a thing.

After I heard a couple of stories about the alleged uses of stimulants, I decided to bet on any horse wearing a long-sleeved blanket to cover the needle marks.

This track is not sanctioned by the American Quarter Horse Association or by the Texas Racing Board. Or by anybody else. No doping tests are administered, which tends to fill the saddling area with an air of excitement. One horse had to be led onto the track by two big men. Sometimes when the jockey mounts, you are not sure if you are at a race or a rodeo. The only governing body at Crosby Downs is heavenly—the stars when the day's program extends into twilight.

All races at Crosby are stakes races. The owners get together on Monday night, and match races are put together for the next Sunday, winner take all, generally for a few hundred dollars, sometimes up to a thousand. A few races are made up on the spot Sunday. Just before a race, post positions are drawn from a cowboy hat. Jockeys are boys, sometimes the sons of owners, sometimes white, sometimes black—there is no discrimination at a dirt track. The only time anybody pays any attention to color is when unknown horses are so similar in appearance you have to go to the jockey's complexion for a tie breaker. Jockeys make maybe \$5 or \$10 for a completed ride.

Betting on horses is illegal in Texas. So is playing gin rummy for a penny a point. There is no pari-mutuel betting. If you enjoy that diversion, there is Evangeline Downs over at Lafayette, La. or Delta Downs at Vinton, La. or the Fair Grounds at New Orleans or Oaklawn Park in Hot Springs, Ark. Many Houstonians vacation north and east in the spring. The Texas quarter-horse people are not happy that so much money is being spent out of state. Racehorses are among Texas' chief exports. No pari-mutuel betting in a state like Texas is thought

continued



At Crosby the jockeys tend to be young and aggressive, the fans gather to be photographed with horses they favor, and tender in platitude has a way of changing hands.



the race. He didn't know, either. I asked the owner, who may have known but wouldn't tell me.

Besides small boys with dollars, beware of horses' names. For example, I was told by a regular that there was a scheduled entry which was one of a continuing series. It was rumored that the owner gave all of his horses the same name to simplify paper work.

This veteran pointed to another horse and said, "That ain't what it says on the program. They put tape over a tattoo and call her something else today."



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They visit Poe's grave every
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They talk a lot. To each other.

When they refused to be
bullied into drinking scotch, they
discovered Tullamore Dew.*



The Curious Couple's drink.
Tullamore Dew.

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A collection of cowboy boots and a saddle. In the foreground, a black boot with a large, detailed eagle design on the shaft stands next to a brown boot with a white decorative pattern. Behind them, another black boot with a floral design and a brown boot are visible. A dark leather saddle with a red strap lies on a patterned blanket in the background. The scene is set on a light-colored, textured surface.



For the store nearest you, write: Acme Boot Co., Inc., Dept. AR1, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040. A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc.

[illegible]

by owners and trainers to be like no justices of the peace in Las Vegas and no tornado warning sirens in Oklahoma.

Quite a few people think that pari-mutuel betting has not been legalized because Texas is fairly solvent and isn't desperate for a cut of a track's handle.

In 1974, a referendum to legalize pari-mutuel betting failed by a statewide vote of about 51% to 49%. It is thought that the question will be back on various ballots until it is finally passed or until Lake Houston freezes over.

Every so often, the race announcer says, "Listen everybody, no gambling allowed, no gambling allowed."

This is not to say a person can't get a bet. A person can get many bets. The announcer is probably only testing the mile.

I was standing by the saddling area when a big man ambled over and said, "Give you the field for five." A field bet is a good bet at a dirt track, they say, because a lot of interesting and acrobatic things can happen to a sure thing in this neck of the prairie.

A more spectacular wager was made some years ago at Crosby Downs by a man who not only picked the favorite, but picked it to win by a quarter of an acre. His secondary bet was that he could walk across the track between his favorite and the other horse some 15 yards from the finish line. He did, and cashed in a nice Weekly Double.

I took the field bet. The guy took Termite as his favorite. Two horses were led onto the track, complete with jockeys. You cannot rely on the reputation of announced jockeys. The rider who takes a horse to the gate may not be the one who rides him back.

While I was excitedly awaiting the appearance of my other "field" horses, the race started and ended, a 440-yard dash with Termite winning. Many times there are only two entries in a race, giving each better one horse, which eliminates much of the charm of the field bet.

I walked across the track to get a beer and to throw water on my stupid face. A person followed me and said, "Give you \$5 for daylight." Word of a mark on the property spreads quickly. I looked up and saw nothing but clouds. I could not bet on daylight in such a negative situation, and said so. Although I had displayed no horse sense, I did have a sense of humor, and there is nothing that the boys like more than a good loser.

Daylight, I was to overhear, was a bet stipulating that there would be open space, daylight, between the horses at the finish.

I was a good student. This became my system of the day: eavesdropping. I decided to make a comeback on the feature race. Unfortunately, a feature race is any race that features horses, but the big race was Louisiana Girl versus Black something. People had been talking about it all afternoon.

I asked a couple of innocent questions about jockeys. The standard weight handicap is 120 pounds, but there is a category native to dirt tracks called "catch weight." This means there is no downside weight requirement; all you need on the back of the horse is something alive, the lighter the better. Somebody once took advantage of this loophole and strapped a chicken to the rump of a horse.

The jockeys seemed calm. I trailed a man in a yellow shirt who was excited. He spoke part Cajun, part Texan and was obviously well schooled as to the potential of Louisiana Girl, so I gave him the benefit of the doubt, nodding left and right, making bets, and was in serious trouble if Louisiana Girl didn't love swamps. This dirt was almost as soft as ocean sand.

Say you bet 20 toothpicks. Since there are no betting windows, or brokers, somebody has to hold the wager. One of my opponents said he would hold the stakes. I gave him the goods, but shadowed him.

"Why don't you quit following me so closely," he said menacingly. "I am no crook."

I went to the rail and prayed.

There is a saying at all dirt tracks, "When the gate opens, it is a horse race." Quite simply, this means that there are no fouls claimed or inquiries to stewards because there are no such things as fouls or stewards. Once the gate is open, it is not uncommon to see a horse take the high road, into or over its neighbor. All you have to do is keep her between the boards.

Louisiana Girl broke on top, but not by much. Black something had won a nice futurity recently, and that was why everybody was in love with her.

The announcer said here they come. I leaned out and swallowed dirt. Louisiana Girl won it by half a length, amen.

When I went to collect, another joke was on me. This was not a quarter-horse

race and those were not quarter horses running sprints of 220, 250, 330, 400 or 440 yards, as they had all day; these were thoroughbreds and they were running around the track heaven only knew how many times.

Everybody ran to the backstretch as the race continued, and those in their cars sat on their horns.

Louisiana Girl's jockey rode her the way you like to see it on those fancy replay cameras, and they came across the finish line, again, two lengths to the good. I got paid and concluded the race was completed and whooped it up.

After every race there is a photograph taken of the winning horse, its jockey, its owner, its trainer, its friends, relatives and stockholders, who bet her to win. Just about everybody who was not allergic to horses was on the track with Louisiana Girl. It was great fun.

By 5 p.m., people are tired and dusty, and if all the races haven't been run off, the announcer tries to squeeze the rest in. Just before dark the homestretch can look like a parade.

It all ends as suddenly as it began. Almost 50 quarter horses of varying ages and postures (and a couple of thoroughbreds) have kicked up a lot of dust, and the winners have earned their keep for another week. Horse feed is up to better than \$9 per hundred pounds, so you have to race somewhere to get it back.

There is no telling whom you have made friends or enemies with this Sunday. Everybody is dressed about the same. Somebody said the guy sitting in a Cadillac was a multimillionaire from Houston, but nobody seemed to hold that against him.

There were about as many horses here today as usual, but not as many sports. Quite a few of the regular spectators have begun drifting across nearby state lines to places where a person can make a bet legally. It was probably a shock at first, since all those horses at Delta and Oaklawn have numbers on their backs.

The big-money quarter-horse racing at bigtime tracks like Ruidoso will probably put dirt-track racing completely to seed. But this is where it all started, and there is charm in that, as there is with all originals.

So you accept it for what it is, which is easily your money's worth, and you get back in your car and start it up, surprised, for a second, that anybody had invented such a gadget.

END

OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS



BOB PRINCE HAS FOUND A NEW HOME IN THE DOME

Except for music and news, radio stations fill more air time with major league baseball than with any other subject, which may come as something of a surprise to avid radio listeners. How can baseball possibly outdistance broadcasts on religion and pulpit and hog prices? Well, by conservative estimate, there will be approximately 435,000 hours of baseball on radio this season, an increase of about 31,000 hours over 1975.

The big news about baseball on radio, however, is not that there will be more of it, but that in many cities it will have an unfamiliar sound. While most fans are aware of the extensive turnover in managers since last July, the number of changes in announcing assignments was even greater and, at least to baseball's owners, more important. During a stretch when a dozen managers were leaving their jobs, 17 broadcasters were retiring, being fired or moving to new positions. Club executives consider these changes significant because a good announcer almost always sells more tickets for the old home team than the manager does.

The most publicized switch involved the firing of Pittsburgh announcer Bob Prince and his sidekick Nellie King. Prince is funny, clever, loud, partisan and uninterruptible. He also knows baseball, and for 28 years the baseball he knew best was played by the Pirates. He was the Pirates to many fans in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and beyond.

Despite Prince's talents and following, the Pirates' owners did not vigorously fight his firing by station KDKA, where he reportedly had been having personality conflicts with his bosses. Despite the owners' denials, the reason they did not back Prince probably was money. Although Pittsburgh has won five of the last six National League East titles, it has had to struggle to draw a million fans in each of the last three seasons. And radio ratings, although they are often inexact, also were used to build a case against Prince. In 1967 the Pirates were listened to by more than 50% of those who had their radios turned on when games were being broadcast. In recent years that rating dropped as low as 26% during some late-season games. But more Pirate games are televised late in the season, and Prince appeared on all those telecasts. On those occasions, it was no wonder radio ratings declined.

Prince is now working out of his territory in Houston where the hapless Astros play. He has replaced Loel Passe and should become a big hit with Houston listeners. But can his expertise and partisan style draw people to the Astrodome? The Astro franchise is in serious financial straits, and Prince, even at his very best, is going to find Houston a hard town to sell.

Milo Hamilton, who replaces Prince as the voice of the Pirates, was fired by the attendance-poor Atlanta Braves before Ted Turner, the 37-year-old whiz kid of Turner Communications, bought the team this winter. The Braves dismissed Hamilton, who seemed to go out of his way to be controversial, even though he apparently knew what he was doing. In 1972 Atlanta drew an average of 32,700 listeners per 15-minute segment on station WSB. By last season that figure had increased to 56,000. Nonetheless, Hamilton was fired, presumably because it was decided that he was partly responsible for all

those unsold seats in Atlanta Stadium.

Hamilton's former color man, Eric Johnson, now becomes the play-by-play voice of the Braves, and Pete Van Wieren, brought up from Tidewater of the International League, becomes the color man. While Turner admits he knows nothing about baseball, he is a broadcasting expert. The endo booth in Atlanta could become a very warm place should Turner start breathing down the necks of his announcers.

Although longtime announcer By Saam retired at the end of the 1975 season, the Phillies' problems are not in the booth but at the transmitter. One of baseball's best draws (1975 home attendance, 1,909,233), the Phils now find they may not be able to reach all those fans by radio. WCAU, Philadelphia's prosperous 50,000-watt station, served as the Phillies' flagship station for eight seasons, but this year it changed to an all-news format that does not include baseball coverage. The Phils will be heard on a 25-station network, but if you live in North Philadelphia you may have to drive toward the New Jersey shore to listen to their games. The new flagship station, WIBG, has signal troubles. "We'll probably miss 700,000 out of 4.9 million potential listeners," says Dick Yancey, one of WIBG's owners.

Just the opposite of the Philadelphia story will unfold in Oakland. For several seasons while 5,000-watt KEEN carried their games, the A's could barely be heard in their own stands. Now Oakland games will be beamed all over Northern California on 50,000-watt KNBR.

With all the changes in announcers and call letters, it is comforting to find that Halsey Hall, 81, still will be broadcasting a few games in Minnesota this season. Rumors that Hall rigged antennas for Marconi are untrue, but he has been around long enough to have developed an announcing philosophy that has nothing to do with filling seats. It does say a lot about the transient nature of the profession, however. Whenever Hall travels, he carries a large assortment of liquor bottles in his suitcase. His reason: "When you are a baseball announcer, you might get into some town where they are having a primary and you couldn't get a drink. Then where would you be?"

END



The 1975 Pro Tour can be summed up in one ball.

On the 1975 Pro Tour, more pros played a balata cover Titleist than all the other golf balls combined. They won more money playing it. (We don't pay anyone to play Titleist. Playing it is its own reward.) And the ball most tournament winners won with was a Titleist.

Why is all this good news for your game? Because the Titleist golf balls the pros play aren't special edition, hand-picked balls. They're the same Titleists you get in your pro shop.

You get the same unique wound construction and aerodynamically designed dimple pattern. The same maximum distance, accuracy and control a pro has to depend on.

Maybe you don't hit every shot like a pro, but every time you do, you know you'll get the same results.

Most players: 3,194
Most money won: \$3,216,242
Most tournaments won: 19

All figures based on official ball counts and reports of winnings from the 1975 PGA Tour

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT



BACK HOME IN BOSTON, GOALIE CHEEVERS KEEPS HIS EYE ON THE PUCK

Lose an Orr, find a team

That was Boston's experience in the final weeks of a long season

So what did T. S. Eliot know about cruelty? In hockey April is the kindest month, for it brings to a close a seemingly endless regular season and, for most of the teams, begins the playoffs, which at last decide the champions. True enough, those champions will not emerge until the darling buds of May are in bloom. And sure, the postseason structure has become a thing of Meversonian complexity, but progress is being made; pucks are flying, there is light at the end of the rink.

As the National Hockey League's

1975-76 season came to the bottom of the schedule sheet last Sunday night, confirming what fans had long known about Philadelphia and Montreal being the class of the league and deciding the lingering divisional race between Chicago and Vancouver in the Black Hawks' favor, a man could get an extra measure of satisfaction thinking of the quirk of fortune that produced the season's most fascinating team, the Boston Bruins.

Boston had not merely survived a plague of injuries, it also overcame to an astonishing degree the loss of the player, Bobby Orr, the player, junior grade, Brad Park; and the goal-scorer, Phil Esposito. Orr, the magical defenseman, hockey's most eminent name since Howe, Richard and Hull, has not played since Nov. 26 because of knee and contract complications. Since then the poor deprived Bruins have been 42-14-13.

Park, who had come from the New York Rangers in the Esposito trade, also last November, was supposed to help fill the chasm left by Orr, and he did. But in

late February he hurt his knee. Since then Park has had surgery and the Bruins have been 11-4-6.

What happened? The Bruins became a team. They came blinking into the sunlight and found out that they knew something about the game, too. Says the veteran, sweet-shooting Winger John Bucyk, 40, who enjoyed one of the best of his 19 seasons with Boston, "When Bobby went out and Phil was traded, guys came off the bench who had never seen much ice time. And there was no one big star to pass the puck to. Then Brad Park was out, and we all discovered that we could play hockey. We didn't have to let Phil or Bobby or Brad do it—although I admit I wish we had our stars back now."

Bucyk, no stranger to the afflictions that have made the Bruins a skating emergency ward, has a bruised nerve in his arm. Winger Ken Hodge suffers occasionally from a similar ailment. Defenseman Dallas Smith has a tender hip. Defenseman Gary Doak has a cracked rib but plays. Center Gregg Sheppard has fragile legs. Let 'em lose another regular or two and they might go all the way to the Stanley Cup finals.

One who isn't hurt is former Ranger Center Jean Ratelle, who has become the team's leading scorer. "Ratelle was the sleeper in the deal for Esposito," says Bruin General Manager Harry Sinden. "He is a magnificent center, but he is not a loner like a Bobby Clarke or a Gil Perreault. He quietly does his job, defensively as well as offensively, but he is the kind of player who depends on his teammates."

Doak and Darryl Edstrand, defensemen who were eclipsed by Orr, have become workmen worthy of some ink of their own, as has oldtimer Smith.

Up forward the story is the same. A tired and disgusted John Davidson, the Ranger goalie who was beaten 8-1 by Boston the other day, said, "It was Ken Hodge and Wayne Cashman. I just couldn't see around them." These are two veterans who had been dwarfed by the man they passed the puck to, Esposito. Andre Savard, who played some 12 minutes a game last season, now centers a frequently explosive Bruin line, with Terry O'Reilly and Don Marcotte as his wings. Then there is Sheppard, a man of the Pete Rose 110', effort persuasion. In a recent taut 4-4 tie with champion Philadelphia in the Boston Garden, Shep-

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"What makes America work?...the



by George J. Kneeland
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and Chief Executive Officer,
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A natural resources policy, based on present and future needs in providing the highest possible standard of living for America, is an urgent national priority.

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Unless we act, the long range economic consequences can be severe.

A resources policy must include four major points...

A realistic approach to the environment. The true meaning of the word has been distorted as this emotion-charged controversy rages on. Pick up a dictionary. Mine defines "environment" as "the aggregate of social and cultural conditions that influence the life of an individual or community."

"Aggregate" means all factors affecting our lives. We must not focus on just a piece of the problem, the nation's ecological well-being, while ignoring its economic health.

Just one example: Environmentalists plead for "preservation" of forestlands by keeping man out of the woods, ignoring the other needs such as wildlife management, hunting and fishing, grazing as well as timber harvesting. Unless forests are properly managed, they fall prey to fire, disease and stagnation. The productivity of nature can be increased by scientifically breeding superior trees which grow faster than nature can grow them.

"Man has frequently

improved upon nature," wrote Rene Jules Dubos, the famed bacteriologist. Conservationists can ponder this. So can lawmakers before they make rules that fail to consider the totality of the problem.

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Increased Government co-operation. America must go all-out to find new supply sources. Government should supplement efforts of private

wise use of our natural resources."

industry in this search by providing funds for research, exploration and development, and through other incentives.

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the nation's unexplored resource areas, most of which now are closed to prospectors, must be reopened.

We must free legitimate environmental goals from the maze of conflicting legislative objectives and government administrative procedures which limit growth and even inhibit improved productivity. We believe our growing dependence on foreign natural resources must be reduced.

There is a need for a restatement of national policy to encourage the private enterprise development of our natural resources in balance with environmental benefits in a total sense. The nation's economy can only support our people as they can produce and earn a living. They must not be denied the natural resources essential to their support.

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pard lofted a shot from center ice at recently returned Flyer goalie Bernie Parent, and the puck lazed over Parent's left shoulder for a goal. A little luck may be riding with the Bruins, too.

After that game, Philadelphia defenseman Jim Watson said, "It is the Boston forwards doing the job. They hustle incredibly. And they play very well defensively. They forecheck as hard as we do."

In goal Boston is getting commendable play from Gil Gilbert and Gerry Cheevers, the latter recently returned to the Hub from the Cleveland Crusaders of the WHA. "I think it's the locker room," says Cheevers. "This place is beautiful."

Says Harry Sinden, "Don Cherry has done a tremendous job with this team. He has taught them a good deal this year. Maybe the most important, Don has taught them their individual limits and how to play within them." Which is another way of saying, if you haven't got a soloist, you had better learn harmony.

Chef Harmonist Cherry goes into the playoffs with a message of inspiration and sacrifice: "We have to work all the time. We can never rest. If Bobby Clarke has a bad night, the Flyers may get beat 3-2. If Guy Lafleur has a bad night, the same goes for Montreal. But if one or two of our guys have an off-game we get beat 9-2 or 11-3." For the time being, at least, off-nights have been banned entirely in Boston.

In case you haven't been studying page 195 of the NHL Guide, the playoffs, which began on Tuesday, work like this: champions of the four divisions draw a bye in the first round, leaving the eight second- and third-place finishers to reduce themselves to four by means of best-two-of-three series. The team with the most points plays the one with the fewest, the team with the second-most points plays the one with the second-fewest, and so forth. Which in concrete terms this week meant Buffalo opening against St. Louis, the New York Islanders against Vancouver, Los Angeles against Atlanta and Toronto against Pittsburgh.

Subsequently, the four victors play the divisional champions in traditional best-four-of-seven quarterfinals in the same "best-points-against-fewest" manner. Of the titlists Montreal has the most points (127), followed by Philadelphia (118), Boston (113) and Chicago (82). After

this come the semifinals and, glory be, the championship series itself. If Boston should stagger through to victory it will be the best medical soap since *General Hospital*.

Boston's season of surprise in the NHL was paralleled by that of Indianapolis in the WHA, which was in a fight for the East Division title that would not be decided until rival Cleveland's Tuesday windup. The Racers' climb to divisional contention has been startling, and the explanation may be as Norman Vincent Peale as Dick Procevis, a penalty-killing marvel of a defenseman, believes it to be.

"I saw a TV movie with a character who always said he wanted positive waves around him," he says. "It started as a joke, but the positive-wave theory is now sort of our rallying cry." Some of the better waves have been made by Defenseman Pat Stapleton, who has been playing hurt all season, and Center Dave Keon, the former Toronto Maple Leaf who went to Indianapolis when the Minnesota Fighting Saints folded.

In the Canadian Division, Winnipeg was led as usual by the man who first made the WHA credible, Bobby Hull. Despite generally not feeling well he collected 50 goals and 70 assists—and he seems to have at least one more season of play in his 37-year-old bones.

"Last year we missed the playoffs altogether," Hull reflected last week, "but this time around we have a balanced club that doesn't depend on me and my linemates, Ulf Nilsson and Anders Hedberg." Hull has underscored his point by occasionally corking his famous slapshot and playing defensive hockey. "You can't wheel and deal every night," he says, "so you make a contribution whenever you can."

"I should have listened to my dad last summer. He told me a man has to take it easy now and then let his body recuperate, to recharge his battery. That damn Superstars competition was one thing. Then we went to Europe to train. I caught some kind of intestinal bug. Added to that was a shoulder problem that still bothers me a bit."

And back next fall may come the Houston Aeros' wonder of wonders, Gordie Howe, who is 48 years old. Retire? "Who started that ugly rumor?" says Gordie. Howe's statistics are awe-

some: in 28 seasons of NHL and WHA play he has 882 goals and 1,224 assists—the most by anyone now and surely forevermore, except those Gordie adds himself. Like Philadelphia in the NHL, Houston is shooting for its third straight championship, symbolized in its league by the Avco World Cup.

The first round of the WHA playoffs, so rigged as to produce a final that will put a Canadian-based team against one from the U.S., shapes up this way: in the Canadian Division, the Jets against the Edmonton Oilers and the Quebec Nordiques against the Calgary Cowboys in best-four-of-seven series. In the U.S., Indianapolis or Cleveland and Houston draw hies, and there are best-three-of-five series between the New England Whalers and the Crusaders or the Racers, and between the Phoenix Roadrunners and the wild-card San Diego Mariners. Remaining series are best-of-seven. The WHA assures us that out of this mess will come an orderly series of series and an eventual champion. **END**



JEAN RATELLE RAPS CHIEF PIT MARTIN

Henri Duvillard was one of the bad boys of French skiing, a malcontent and a misanthrope who, in the bitter February of 1973, was exiled from what was then one of the best men's ski teams on earth. He had been labeled an upstart and a loser, and one French newspaper had printed his photograph with a large black X over it. From being the best all-round skier on the World Cup circuit he was in a matter of days reduced to teaching a children's racing class in his hometown of Megève. But time passes—more than two years—and here is Henri Duvillard now, vintage 1976, a smiling, confident chap, rich, famous and phenomenal at his chosen profession.

Indeed, no more than a scant handful of athletes have ever dominated a sport the way Duvillard, the 5'6", 145-pound farm-boy from the French Alps, is dominating the world of professional ski racing. As the season came to an end last week with a pair of races in Vail, Colo., Duvillard—"Dudu" to his friends—had set a record of 15 wins in 21 races and had a prize-money treasure chest of \$66,900. His nearest challenger for money won was Josef Odermatt of Switzerland, with \$31,500. There were no other multiple victors; no other racer among the 50-odd regulars on the pro circuit won more than one race in 1975-76.

To realize how remarkable Duvillard has been, one must understand something of the grueling sport that pro ski racing has come to be. The season is spread over 11 weekends, from early December to early April. This year there were 21 head-to-head races at a motley assortment of resorts and winter tourist traps. This past winter one weekend program was held on a couple of rolling riverbank hillocks called Alton Alps, a few miles out of St. Paul, Minn. Another was staged at Mt. Holly, Mich. on a mound of artificial snow-covered soil where the vertical drop had recently been increased 40 feet by workers who dug a 20-foot



French exile Henry Duvillard is now excelling on the U.S. pro circuit

The king of the mountain

trough at the bottom and hauled the dirt to the top. There was a race at Hunter Mountain, N.Y., a Catskill area that some skiers thought was a lot like the last subway stop in the Bronx. Other races were held in Idaho and north of the border in Ontario and Quebec.

Besides having to adjust to these various racing environments, the athletes also lead the nomadic lives of traveling salesmen. And they are salesmen in the truest sense. Sponsors have turned the racers into walking, skiing billboards, and with each endorsement contract goes the tacit requirement that they must appear at endless cocktail parties to smile,

minge and meet the buyers and the public. The pro skiers also must endure the contests themselves—a killing regimen if there ever was one. As a rule, they race a giant slalom each Saturday, a slalom each Sunday. All are run in head-to-head challenge fashion, each pair of racers switching courses, the winner being the one with the best elapsed time in the combined runs. Under the most recent rules, these elimination contests begin with a field of 32, roll on through race after race after race until a winner is selected—after making what may be his 10th run over a period of, say, five hours. And then they go through two a weekend.

The stamina required for such work would exhaust a railroad locomotive. The agility and balance would unhinge the man on the flying trapeze. Any tiny mistake, any slightly wide turn on any one of dozens of gates, any misstep off the homemade jumps at about 40 mph can cost the race.

Despite these demands, Duvillard managed on five different occasions to win both races in a single weekend. In the seven years since Bob Beattie introduced pro racing to the U.S., no one has come close to that. In the six seasons he raced, the late Spider Sabich did it only three times. During one hot streak Duvillard won seven consecutive races over four weekends, a total of 56 straight runs without a mishap. In the two years he has been on the tour Duvillard has won 25 races. The next best, Sabich, had 21 victories in six years.

It all seems to border on the miraculous and it will probably never happen again, yet Duvillard is not particularly awed by his feats. "I expect, 90% of the time, to beat my fellow racer out at the starting gate," he says. "This I can do. Then I try to win the first run by a good margin—six-tenths or seven-tenths of a second. This forces my opponent into errors on the second run. He goes out of order in his run. He falls, perhaps." But besides the explosive start, racing experts

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SKING continued

says that Duvillard also has perfected an excellent flat thrust of his inside ski on turns, a quick and smooth motion that brings him around a slalom pole more swiftly than other racers. It is a motion that only World Cup champions Gustavo Thöni and Ingemar Stenmark can execute as well as Duvillard. And there also is conditioning; Duvillard is grim about it, a workhorse who drives himself far harder than most pros.

Constant traveling companions with Duvillard on the World Pro ski tour are three other victims of the French purge: Patrick Russel, World Cup slalom co-champion in 1969 and 1970 and giant slalom champion in 1971; Jean-Noël Augert, winner of the 1970 world slalom championship in Val Gardena and a World Cup slalom champion in 1969, 1971 and 1972, and Alain Penz, twice World Cup slalom co-champion.

Duvillard, now 28, was perhaps the most promising of them all. Twice, in 1971 and 1972, he was runner-up for the overall World Cup title. He was the only amateur skier since Killy to win races in all three World Cup disciplines—the downhill (his forte), giant slalom and slalom. After Killy's showing at the 1968 Olympics France was expected to excel at Sapporo in 1972. The French men's team came up flat. Augert placed fifth in both the slalom and giant slalom and Duvillard was fourth in the slalom, but in the downhill he finished a dismal 19th and back home in France this was considered a near tragedy. Rather wanly, Duvillard recalls, "A newspaper ran pictures of Jean-Noël and of me. They placed crossed black lines over our faces. They wrote that we were failures."

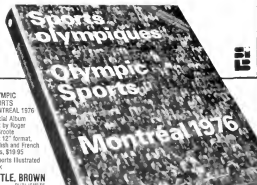
A new coach was named in the spring of '72—one Georges Joubert of the University of Grenoble, an expert technician, but, says Duvillard, "for the mind he was so bad." Friction arose almost immediately on the team. "We did not know him well. It was not long before we saw that he worked only with the young skiers and left out us old ones."

The French team staggered the following season. After one race in February of 1973, the national ski federation fired Duvillard, Russel and Augert, citing insubordination, attempts to make independent equipment deals and rebellion. "The papers wrote only what the federation told them. We had no place to tell

continued

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our story," Duvillard says. He went home to Megève to languish through the rest of the winter and the following season. He became engaged to Britt Lafforgue, one of a pair of brilliant ski-racing twins—both of whom were also bounced from the team. In the spring of 1974 Duvillard saw one U.S. pro race in France, he thought it might be just his dish and he joined the tour for the 1974-75 season. He finished second to Hank Kashiwa for the pro title (it was figured on points scored; Duvillard won more money than Kashiwa). From that beginning Duvillard became merely superhuman this year.

And so he remained as the season ended at Vail. His title long since locked up, he won Saturday's giant slalom and made it to the quarterfinals in the Sunday slalom. Savoring his U.S. celebrity, Duvillard noted wryly, "In France they hardly know I've done all this."

Ironically, America's pro skiing gain is France's loss. Since Duda & Co. were purged, not one male citizen of France has won a World Cup race. Asked about this, Duvillard smiled thinly, "The best people do not ski for the team, I think," he said. "French World Cup skiing is a basket of crabs now. No one wants to live in a basket of crabs."

Pro skiing has rewarded the farmer's son well. The most he was ever paid as an "amateur" racer was about \$18,000 in 1972. Duvillard will clear well over \$150,000 this year with prizes and endorsements. He will race again next season, and though no one expects a repeat of this year's miracle, his future is bright.

Perhaps the future of the French ski team may hold some promise, too. The far-off future, that is. For not only has Duvillard married Lafforgue, the 1971 and 1972 World Cup slalom champion (and produced one child), but Augert has wed Françoise Macchi, a giant slalom co-champion in 1970 and the World Cup overall leader in 1972 until she injured her knee just before the Olympics. And Penz has married Florence Steurer, the slalom bronze medalist of Sapporo. Thus, by 1996 or so, all the fugitives from French skiing may be forgiven—at last. They may well become national heroes again, for the fortunes of France may rise once more on the swift skirts of the progeny of the bad boys and their talented wives.

END



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A great leap backward

A host of effin European teen-age girls, led by 86-pound Nadia Comaneci, are revolutionizing the sport with backward doubles and double twists

Russia's Olga Korbut started it all four years ago when she bounced onto the gymnastics scene like a firecracker to steal the show from the elegant Ludmilla Turishcheva. Now such queens as Turishcheva have been toppled by a whole troupe of fearless *Hauskinder* from the schools of Eastern Europe, little girls performing acrobatic moves as difficult as the men's. Adding flips and twists, they have even transformed that most anticlimactic event, the vault, into something entertaining. But the new gymnastes does not bear Korbut's name. They call this the Comaneci era, for 14-year-old Nadia Comaneci, the greatest *Hauskinder* of all the *Kinder*.

Last year at the European Championship in Skien, Norway, Turishcheva, 23, five times a world champion and the fa-

vorite, was thoroughly trounced by three teen-agers. Among them was a 13-year-old fragile-looking child from Rumania, all legs and rib cage and no pelvis to speak of, who leaped off with the title.

Nadia Comaneci had been a star in junior meets since she was 11, but the European Championship was her first international senior competition. She stunned the judges as well as the crowd, not only with double backward somersaults and twists but also with an uncommon consistency and stability even in her most difficult moves. She displayed an unflappable confidence and more stamina and strength than seemed possible for a body as apparently frail as hers. When the competition was over, everybody was talking about Comaneci. She had put an emphatic end to the classical style, with

its emphasis on maturity and ladylike grace. And she was no firecracker, either; she has won every one of her meets since. Although she has not competed against Korbut, the experts rate her performance as so far superior to the Russian's that the outcome of such a confrontation seems only too predictable. When she herself is asked for her opinion of Korbut, as she often is, Comaneci answers placidly, "Korbut is just another gymnast."

Last month Americans were finally introduced to the Comaneci style, and it was a sensation indeed. A Rumanian team that included another amazing 14-year-old, Teodora Ungureanu, competed in Toronto, Tucson, Albuquerque, San Francisco and Denver. Comaneci won every competition with consistently superior marks. She rarely wobbled, and when she did it was virtually unperceptible to the untrained eye. In Toronto she collected six perfect scores out of a possible eight. Never before had any gymnast been awarded more than one perfect 10 in a single international meet.

After Denver, the team returned to Rumania, where Comaneci rested for four days, nursing a light case of flu before traveling to New York for the American Cup. Which she won.

The two-day American Cup is a new annual event that calls for one male and one female competitor from each participating country. This year there were gymnasts from 11 countries, but as soon as Comaneci began to warm up it was obvious to the crowd of 10,132 at Madison Square Garden that she was in a class by herself. Russia had sent 14-year-old Yelena Davidova, a 4'7" sprite who still flushes most of her double flips on her nose. One official observed that Turishcheva and Korbut had probably stayed home because they did not want to be beaten. It seemed likely that they would have been; Comaneci could not lose. The only questions were how many perfect scores she would collect and how her Tsukahara Vault would compare to that of Japan's Olympic champion, Matsuo Tsukahara. As it turned out, she "beat" him in the first qualifying event, executing the piked back somersault, which Tsukahara invented, so flawlessly that she was awarded a 10. The Japanese, who was far from his best form throughout the meet, had to settle for a 9.3.

In the finals the following day, Com-



COMANECI PIKES IN THE TSUKAHARA VAULT AS SHE "OUTPOINTS" MR. TSUKAHARA

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neci earned two 9.9s, one 9.95 and another 10 for her whirling floor exercise. "She is a perfectionist," observed Frank Bare, executive director of the U.S. Gymnastics Federation. "She has no weak events." On the uneven parallel bars, one of her most difficult routines includes three free hip circles to a handstand on the high bar, shooting up straight as a knife. "Some girls might do one," said Bare, "and they would do it at a safer angle." For her dismount, she did the Salto Comaneci, as it was named after she first showed it at the European Championship. Letting go of the high bar in a forward motion, she performed a half twist and turned it into a back somersault. Her coach, Bela Karolyi, said that no other girl in the world can do the Salto Comaneci. Ann Carr, one of the best women gymnasts in the U.S., called it "madness."

On the 16-foot beam, Comaneci managed three back handsprings in a row and ended her routine with an aerial cartwheel, a back handspring and a back layout with a double twist. Her floor exercise was as fast-paced as an old silent flick, with a double back somersault for openers and a double twist at the end. "Gosh!" said Carr. "At the end you are supposed to be tired." Comaneci wasn't even breathing hard.

One thing did puzzle the audience: Comaneci never smiled, never flirted with the crowd as Korbut always had. There was fervent applause for her brilliance, but no love affair. "It is not her nature to smile," said a Rumanian woman judge, and Karolyi added, "It is her character to be serious."

Comaneci's large brown eyes, hidden under long bangs, are solemn, perhaps too solemn for a 14-year-old. She answered questions crisply, without elaboration. Has she ever been afraid? "Never." Has she ever cried? "Never." What was the happiest moment in her life? "When I won the European Championship." What is the secret of her success? "I am so good because I work very hard for it." What is her favorite event? "The uneven bars. I can put in more difficulties. It is more challenging." How did she rate her performance in the American Cup? "It was a preparatory step toward the Olympics." Does she enjoy being famous? "It is all right, but I don't want to get too excited about it."

After a crash course in English, she was interviewed for ABC's *Wide World of*

Sports. How are you, Nadia? "Yes, I'm fine." Are you looking forward to the Olympics? "I want for myself gold medal." How many? "Five." Does it bother you to be constantly compared to Olga Korbut? "I'm not Olga Korbut. I'm Nadia Comaneci."

Some say that Comaneci is not human enough, that she is a machine, that she has no emotions. But when she is not the center of attention and feels unwatched, she looks human, all right. She can grin like a child. She can get excited. Her favorite place in the U.S. is Disneyland. And she collects dolls. She has 60 of them, all in national costumes, lined up neatly on a shelf in her room at home.

Home is Onesti, a city of 60,000 in the Carpathian Mountains. It has been renamed Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, after the former premier of Rumania, but everybody still calls it Onesti. Her father is a car mechanic, her mother an office employee and she has a 10-year-old brother, Adrian. The family lives in a new apartment complex downtown, just a five-minute walk from the high school where Comaneci attends morning classes from eight to 12 and trains at the gym every night from five to eight. In between she takes a 2½-hour nap.

Bela Karolyi and his wife Marta, who coach gymnastics at Comaneci's school, selected Nadia with 25 other 6-year-olds from four different kindergartens back in 1968. They have been scouting kindergartens since 1962. "Of course, they have never been exposed to gymnastics at that age," says Karolyi. "We take them to the gym for a test—a 15-meter sprint, a long jump and a walk on the balance beam. If they are afraid on the beam, we send them home right away. We only keep those who like it and show good balance." Karolyi believes that a gymnast's career should last from the age of eight to about 20. "During those years," he says, "there is no fear, there are no problems. Women gymnasts have done so many more difficult feats in recent years because they are younger now. When we select them, we let them warm up to it slowly. We encourage them to participate in other sports as well." In winter, for example, when heavy snowfalls turn Onesti into a ski resort, Comaneci spends her weekends on the slopes.

"But when they are eight," Karolyi continues, "they must be serious about gymnastics. When we took Nadia, she

was just normal. I saw nothing fantastic in her on the first day. But in a couple of years she became very serious. Her mental attitude is her great plus. She likes to work. She is always the first to warm up. She does everything I tell her. She has a good character and the ideal body, five feet tall, 86 pounds and perfect proportions." As Frank Bare observes, "Because gymnasts spend so much time in the air it's an advantage not to have so much weight."

At the moment the Karolyis coach 30 girls, half of them Nadia's age, including Ungureanu. She joined the group only three years ago but is rapidly catching up with Comaneci. "The two of them could very well finish one-two in Montreal," says Bare, who is very impressed by Karolyi's approach. "He is a good coach technically, and he is stern. He even tells his girls when, where and what to eat."

There seems to be no friction between Karolyi and his pupils. He does not shout, his girls do not pout. Korbut and her coach Renald Knysh used to glower at each other across the floor. After a mistake or a fall, Korbut would usually sulk and Knysh would ignore her. Comaneci looks at Karolyi for every small gesture. She nods obediently after each bit of advice. At the American Cup, as she was warming up for her floor exercise, she kept landing outside the line on her double back somersaults. Karolyi told her about it. Still, on her next try she again landed too far out. Karolyi repeated his instruction, smiling. Comaneci smiled back, and the next time she landed correctly. When she ripped a sliver of skin from her palm warming up on the uneven parallel bars, she held her bleeding hand out to Karolyi. He told her to spit on it and rub her hands together. Comaneci spat and rubbed until it was time to tackle the bars again for another bit of "madness."

Four years ago, when Korbut started the little girls on this path, the Secretary General of the International Gymnastics Federation, Max Bangerter, branded her style "dangerous acrobatics which could lead to pelvic fractures." The IGF at one point even considered having Korbut's routine banned in an effort to halt the revolution she had so clearly begun. Obviously, it was less than successful. But how much danger does Karolyi feel Comaneci is in, really? "Ah," he says, "but Comaneci never falls." **END**

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A Fear Of Flying

Jackie Jensen was the ultimate hero, an all-sports star who married a storybook girl. But the Golden Boy's world and marriage collapsed, and his shining baseball career ended in torment brought on by a dread of air travel. Today Jensen is a college coach and a changed man.

by Ron Fimrite



He was the Golden Boy, and never had he glittered so brightly as on his wedding day, Oct. 16, 1949. Jackie Jensen was 22 years old. He was blond and broad-shouldered: his body looked as if it had been sculpted instead of grown. He had been an All-America in football and baseball at the University of California, acclaimed as both the greatest running back in the school's history and its finest all-round athlete. Even the legend of Brick Muller and the Wonder Teams paled before his brilliance. The previous spring the Golden Boy had signed an extraordinary \$75,000 contract to play baseball with the Oakland Oaks of the Pacific Coast League. Four days before the wedding he and teammate Billy Martin had been sold to the Yankees for a reported \$100,000. It was a dream realized, for in a few months Jensen would be playing alongside his idol, Joe DiMaggio, in the Yankee outfield.

Jensen's bride, Zoe Ann Olsen, shone almost as brightly as he. She was only 18, but she had won 14 national diving

championships and a silver medal in the 1948 Olympics. She was blonde and intelligent, and as pretty as he was handsome. The *San Francisco Chronicle* called them "the sports world's most famous sweethearts." Together they looked like a Nordic god and goddess.

Oakland motorcycle police escorted the city's favorite son and daughter from the ceremony at the First Presbyterian Church to a reception at the plush Athens Athletic Club, where they had first met. She had trained there; he had been the lifeguard. More than 1,000 persons attended the reception, including Nobel Prize-winning physicist Ernest O. Lawrence, songwriter Jimmy (I'm in the Mood for Love) McHugh, Olympic diving champion Vicki Draves, Cal Football Coach Lynn (Pappy) Waldorf, most of Jensen's Rose Bowl teammates, many of the Oaks and dozens of other nationally known sports figures.

"It was the wedding of the century," says Frank Brank, Jensen's football teammate and fraternity brother. "They were on top and they had the whole world

in front of them." "I thought the bubble would never burst," says Jensen. The young bride and groom drove off under a hailstorm of rice in a yellow Cadillac convertible toward a golden future.

Late in April 1961 Zoe Ann went to the Reno railroad station to meet the City of *San Francisco* arriving from Chicago. She was there in response to a cryptic wire received at the Jensen home in near-by Lake Tahoe: CANCEL L.A. PLANS. ARRIVING ON TRAIN IN RENO. She burst into tears when her husband stepped off the train. Seen through the steam, he looked ghostly, a tired and troubled man who was old for his years. He had quit baseball the previous year at the height of his success. During six seasons as a star outfielder with the Boston Red Sox, he had driven in more runs than anyone in the American League, including Ted Williams and Mickey Mantle. But the marriage that had begun so auspiciously was deteriorating, and as a side effect, Jensen's merely irritating fear of flying had escalated into a demoralizing phobia.

The year away from baseball had neither salvaged Jensen's marriage nor cured his neurosis. In 1961 he was trying a comeback. But a season's absence from the game had diminished his skills, and by the end of the first month he was hitting .130 with only one run batted in. He had avoided flying whenever possible—by driving the 700 miles from Boston to Detroit on one occasion—but it was an exhausting regimen, and the phobia remained unconquered. The physical and mental ordeal finally had proved too arduous.

On April 29, with the Red Sox playing in Cleveland and scheduled to fly to Kansas City, Jensen bolted the team and headed west. He came to seek the ministrations of a nightclub hypnotist named Arthur Ellen, who had a reputation for succeeding where psychiatrists had failed in relieving aerophobia. Jackie and Zoe Ann drove from Reno to Las Vegas, where Ellen was closing out an engagement. After several days of hypnotic sessions, Jensen was able to rejoin the Red Sox in Los Angeles.

He finished the 1961 season, but played well below his usual standards, and hit only .263. This time he quit for good, voluntarily terminating a career that had approached brilliance. Retiring from the game did not accomplish what Jensen

continued



At his peak Jensen (right) led his outfield mates, Ted Williams and Jim Piersall, in RBIs.

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hoped it might. His marriage would soon fail, and the fear of flying would continue to torment him. He would experience a bewildering series of business mishaps, lose his closest friend and suffer a near-fatal illness. The golden future had turned to dust.

All of us are several persons in a lifetime. The 40-year-old looks back on himself at 20 and sees a distant relation, a person whose ambitions, affections, triumphs and fears seem slightly absurd. We are never wholly what we were, nor will we remain what we are. From the vantage point of his present serenity, both the Golden Boy of 1949 and the neurotic of 1961 appear to be strangers to Jensen. He has come full cycle, back home to his university, not as a returning hero but as the baseball coach. It is a modest job, but one ideally suited to him now. Those who had been there before, who had been warmed by the glow of his achievements, are occasionally startled to see him pass by. It is as if they are seeing a ghost. Jensen is real enough, but certainly not the man he once was.

At 49 years old, he is an ardent jock grown pensive, a man of action transformed into a collector of Indian arrowheads and a student of Western history, a provincial metamorphosed into a world traveler (if only by ship), a tempestuous spouse turned doting husband to a new wife whose pursuits are intellectual, not athletic.

Dick Erickson, Jensen's teammate on California's 1948 Rose Bowl team and now an assistant chancellor of development at Berkeley, admits that until Jensen's return in 1974, he had thought of his old teammate simply as "the most versatile athlete, the best-coordinated human being I'd ever known." The self-assured, thoughtful Jensen he sees now is a newcomer. "Why, he's a step above most people," says Erickson. "New vistas seem to have opened up for him. He has talents we never suspected he had—a great facility with language, for example. He is comfortable with people now. He was a loner then. He's no longer dependent on his athletic prowess. We are all seeing sides of Jack that we didn't know existed."

Cal Athletic Director Dave Maggard says that when he first considered hiring Jensen as baseball coach, he was surprised at the almost negative reaction he

received from those who were supposedly Jensen admirers. "Nobody could tell me what he was like," Maggard says. "They'd all say he was a great athlete, and stop there. It occurred to me that for all of his fame, nobody really knew this man. Some even described him as a loser who seemed to have the knack for making a mess out of everything he got into. The negative publicity he'd had over the years had definitely tarnished that Golden Boy image."

But the more Maggard talked with Jensen, the more he was convinced that the detractors were talking about somebody else. "I had the advantage of not knowing Jack before," Maggard says. "I was pleased with what I saw. He was so open about himself, so honest. There was humility there. And pride. Loyalty is a difficult word to define, but he has it. He's loyal to the university and he's been loyal to me. He is becoming a fine teacher, and he'll be even better because he wants to be better. Jack's been through a lot, and he's been able to put himself in perspective. He has really found himself."

How odd these words must sound to those who were at Berkeley at the time of Jensen's glorious ascent. Jackie Jensen finding himself? How could he have lost what was there? In an age of heroes he was a hero supreme; he seemed to be exactly what an All-America football player was supposed to be—a clean-cut, modest Adonis with a storybook girl friend. He had an aura about him. On closer examination, all of this proved to be a facade. Jensen's lessers mistook his shyness for conceit; his idolaters accepted his public humility as just another saintly virtue, not as genuine insecurity. Jensen was truly confident of what his body could do for him; after all, it had been performing athletic miracles since he was a child. He was much less sure of who he was. He had done less than find himself—he had not even started to look.

Jensen's parents were divorced when he was five. His father was the second of his mother's four husbands, and when he departed, she and her three young sons moved from San Francisco, where Jensen had been born on March 9, 1927, to Oakland. She continued working in San Francisco, commuting by ferry across the Bay six days a week to her job in a warehouse where she performed, Jensen says, "tough, man's work." She was absent from home for more than 12 hours each

day, and would return in the evening too exhausted for family amenities. For Jensen it was virtually an orphan's existence, only it was much less stable. By the time he entered Oakland High School the Jensens had moved 16 times or, as Jackie puts it, "every time the rent came due." He would spend most of the next 30 years searching for the homelife he never had, hoping to realize for his own children his childhood vision of what it must be like to have a father, a mother and a house. For such a man the breakup of a marriage can be much more than an unpleasant experience; it can represent a betrayal of principle, the defeat of a life's ambition.

By the time he reached junior high school, Jensen had acquired a surrogate father in Ralph Kerchum, his physical education teacher. Kerchum, a robust, genial outdoorsman, instantly recognized in young Jensen a wondrous athlete and a human being of unusual potential. He became Jackie's coach, counselor and lifelong friend, and Jensen has never forgotten his kindnesses.

"The fact that I had no father embarrassed me deeply," Jensen says. "I think there was more emphasis on family life then. Ralph was instrumental at a time when I needed someone. He gave me direction and self-confidence. It's funny, but when I see him today, we do the same things we did back then. We'll have a steak, go to a movie and pick up some ice cream. I'll say to him, 'Ralph, it never changes. Can't we go to a bar like other people?'"

At Oakland High School Jensen created a legend. He was twice All-City in both baseball and football and honorable mention All-City in basketball, although he played only a half season of that sport. He was the student body president, the most popular kid in town. For years, Oakland High athletes would emulate his style, his dress, his manner of speech, his distinctive floating gait.

He came to Cal after a year in the Navy, and though the football turnout of more than 230 players in 1946 was the largest in the university's history, he became an instant star. The first time he touched the ball in the season's opener against Wisconsin he returned a punt 56 yards for a touchdown. The run was a masterwork of improvisation, since Jensen's blockers barely knew who he was, let alone where he was going. "He was

continued

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all over the field, dodging and leaping over guys," says Charles (Boots) Erb, a quarterback who had been Jensen's friend since both were in the fourth grade. "The rest of us just stood there on the sidelines, with our mouths open. Finally somebody said, 'Who in the hell is that guy?'"

Jensen was selected to play in the East-West Shrine All-Star game as a freshman, a rare honor. In fact, he is the only athlete to have performed in an East-West game, a Rose Bowl, a World Series and a baseball All-Star Game. In 1947 and 1948 he became the "Golden Boy of the Golden Bears," playing both offense and defense, returning kicks, punting, passing and, most of all, dazzling everyone with his twisting, darting, shoulder-faking runs from scrimmage. At 195 pounds he was powerful and swift, but more than that, he was deceptive, a runner who, as Pappy Waldorf said, "Can elude the hand he cannot see."

He won two Big Games with Stanford—in 1947 with a pass to Halfback Paul Kreckley that covered 80 yards and in 1948 with a game-saving play that Waldorf recalls as the most remarkable he has ever seen. Late in the game, with Cal leading 7-6 and Jensen back to punt on fourth and 31, the Stanford line broke through and seemed certain to block the kick. Jensen somehow evaded the charge and dodged up the middle for 32 yards and a first down. In a game against Santa Clara that year he had three runs of more than 60 yards. He ran 67 yards for a touchdown in the Rose Bowl game against Northwestern, then left in the third quarter with a leg injury. Without him Cal lost 20-14.

In 1948 Jensen averaged 7.3 yards a carry and rushed for 1,080 yards, a school ground-gaining record that survived until the 1975 season, when Chuck Muncie, carrying the ball nearly twice as often, finally broke it.

In baseball he led Cal to the first NCAA championship in 1947, compiling an earned-run average of 0.95 in league play. He was elected All-America in that sport, too. In 1949 he set a school record for home runs that lasted 25 years.

Jensen passed up his senior year to sign with the Oaks and, after less than a full season, he was sold to the Yankees. His inexperience hurt him in the big leagues, and the Yankees farmed him out to Kansas City, then traded him to Washington

in 1952. Playing regularly as a Senator, Jensen honed his talents as a clutch hitter and strong-armed outfielder, but he did not achieve stardom until he was sent to the Red Sox in 1954. He hit 25 homers that season, drove in 117 runs and led the league with 22 stolen bases, a power and speed performance that compared very favorably with those of his better-known contemporaries, Mantle and Willie Mays. In 1955 Jensen tied for the league lead with 116 RBIs, and the following year he hit .315. In 1958, when he hit 35 homers and drove in a league-leading 122 runs, he was selected the American League's Most Valuable Player. Ten years after Jensen had reached the top in one sport, he reached it in another. He had played the outfield alongside both DiMaggio and Williams and still had managed to become a star in his own right. In 1959 he had another fine season, with 28 homers and 112 RBIs. Then he quit for the first time.

Although he had complained in numerous interviews that baseball was depriving him of a normal life with his wife and three children, the Red Sox and their fans were stunned by his decision. A ballplayer simply does not pack it in when he is at the top of his game. But Jensen had his reasons and, despite the public moralizing about hearth and home, those reasons involved things far more complicated than a simple longing for domesticity.

In January of 1959 Jensen was to fly east to accept an award from the Touchdown Club of Washington. He spent the hours before the flight with Erb at the Bow & Bell, a restaurant the two old friends had purchased on Oakland's Jack London Square. Erb was to accompany Jensen to Washington, join him in a round of parties in the East and nurse him through the ordeal of flying back and forth cross-country. Jensen was a troubled man that day. He had been agonizing over his marital difficulties, and he dreaded the impending flight.

Jensen had never been a heavy drinker, and despite his nervousness, had only a few beers, but his aunt had provided him with a sleeping tablet to take aboard the plane. Instead Jensen swallowed it with a beer during the drive to the San Francisco airport. He immediately suffered an attack of dizziness. At the airport he collapsed getting out of the car and had to be helped aboard the plane

by Erb. Once in his seat, Jensen began shivering and sweating. A stewardess covered him with a blanket and called the captain, who ordered him off the plane. Jensen was so embarrassed by the incident that he secreted himself that evening and for much of the next day in Erb's office at the restaurant.

It was but one of many humiliating experiences he would suffer aboard airplanes. Frank Malzone and Pete Runnels, two of his closest friends on the Red Sox, routinely hauled a semicomatose Jensen aboard team flights. "I would be out when they got me to my seat, usually with some sleeping pill," says Jensen. "Then, when the engines started, I'd be wide awake and everybody else on the plane would be sound asleep."

As a college football player Jensen had flown cross-country on several occasions. Waldorf recalls that it was he, not his star fullback, who feared air travel in those days. Major league baseball was primarily an Eastern enterprise when Jensen first signed, but some flights were made, and Jensen took them, protesting no more than any rational person with the wit to perceive that if man were meant to fly, God would have given him wings. Some of his friends date his phobia to a near-midair collision in 1934 while Jensen was traveling with an All-Star team in Japan. He was frightened at the time, but it remains only a convenient excuse, one that Jensen does not use.

Although the phobia never has been successfully treated, it has been analyzed, even to Jensen's satisfaction. Almost from the beginning the marriage of the athletic Jensens had been stormy, their mutual competitiveness exacerbating the endless rounds of accusations, jealousy and petty bickering so dreadfully common to mismatched couples. "It was a simple case of not being able to live with or live without each other," says the couple's longtime friend Helen Ehlers.

There is nothing terribly unusual about that condition, either. But it was complicated by the exigencies of Jensen's occupation. When their first child, a daughter named Jan, was old enough for school, Zoe Ann, who abhorred living in a strange city as the wife of a traveling ballplayer, stopped making trips to the East and remained behind in the family home at Crystal Bay on Lake Tahoe. It is a resort area, a mountain paradise for summer and winter sports, all of which

continued

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Fear

Zoe Ann loved. It is also a nightclub and
gambling community, and Zoe Ann
loved that aspect as well.

It is one thing to fight with and worry
about a wife who is with you, quite an-
other to fight with and worry about one
who is not, and the Jensens were apart
for most of the year. Jensen was torn in
two by his professional obligations and
his anxiety over a wife who was living
3,000 miles from Boston. And because
of his childhood trauma, nothing seemed
more catastrophic to him than another
broken home.

"Jackie's problem has never been fear
of flying," hypnotist Ellen said recently.
Ellen's nightclub vintners are behind him,
and he tends to the neuroses of several
marquee-famous of Hollywood stars and pro-
fessional athletes. "The fear of flying is
merely a subterfuge. Jackie needed the
fear as an excuse to get home and patch
up his marriage. Subconsciously, it de-
veloped as a good reason to leave the Red
Sox and go home. He's divorced from
Zoe Ann now, but he's still stuck with
the fear of flying. He's protecting it, try-
ing to prove that it's legitimate."

Ellen is not a psychiatrist, but Jensen
placed more faith in his diagnostic skills
than those of a number of expensive
shrinks; the Red Sox returned for him. He
first encountered the hypnotist in 1953
at a night spot in St. Louis.

Jensen was there with Bob Olds, a
catcher with the Senators who had been
having trouble with his batting. After
catching the act, the bullplayers, almost
as a joke, invited Ellen to use hypnosis
to try to improve Olds' hitting. Ellen
hypnotized the catcher and told him that
the next time he played, he would per-
form to the best of his ability. In his next
game Olds, a .237 career hitter, went 3
for 3. Jensen never forgot this impressive
demonstration.

Ellen acknowledges that hypnosis can-
not effect a permanent cure. He calls it
"an important adjunct to psychiatry."
Nonetheless, his "healing" powers have
been publicly endorsed by the likes of
Maury Wills. Jensen appears to be one
of his few failures.

Jensen says he knows what is wrong
with him. He feels that in time, with
"Christian faith," he will be able to fly
like any other person. "There is no ques-
tion I was looking for an excuse to leave
the ball club," he says, "and I know the
fear was related to the insecurity of my

first marriage. I wanted to go home, but
I loved baseball. I got terribly down on
myself. I could think about it rationally,
ask myself why I couldn't beat this thing.
"You don't have to like flying," I'd say
to myself. "A lot of people don't but they
still fly." But when the time came, I just
couldn't make myself do it. I was using
Arthur as a crutch. He's no miracle work-
er, but he could help me relax. Still, he
couldn't make me more than I was. I
came to resent myself for behaving in
such an infantile way. I know I had an-
other four years that I could've played.
The way I was driving in runs, I could
have set some records. My only regret is
that now I can't hope to be considered
for the Hall of Fame."

Jensen sits in his small office in Cal's
Harmon Gym. His All-America certifi-
cates are on the wall and wearing a Pen-
dleton shirt and khaki trousers, the un-
dergraduate uniform of the late '40s and
early '50s, he looks much the way he must
have when he was earning those honors.
There are wrinkles about his eyes and
mouth, but his face is still youthful, al-
though the hair is more silver now than
gold. Talking about his marriage to Zoe
Ann and his phobias is painful to him,
but he cannot set them aside.

"When we got married it was the be-
ginning of a 10-year period when every-
thing seemed to go right," he says. "I
wanted a daughter and a son, and I got
them. I wanted a home, and I got it. I
had money. I was on top."

Zoe Ann has remarried, but she still
lives in the Crystal Bay home with the
youngest of the three children, Jay. Her
figure is petite and athletic, but like her
ex-husband's, her face is lined. She is a
blackjack dealer in the Crystal Bay Club,
where her garrulity, her wit and Elizabeth
Scott voice clearly distinguish her from
the normal run of women who work in
such emporiums.

"When you're young, you always
think it will never end," she says during
a break from the tables. "But it always
does, doesn't it? Sure, Jack and I started
at the top, but we also started at the bot-
tom, like everyone else, with just our-
selves." She shrugs, smiles and returns
to the tables.

Jensen and Zoe Ann were married
twice. She divorced him in 1963, two
years after his final retirement from base-
ball. He moved back to San Francisco
and went to work for an auto dealer who



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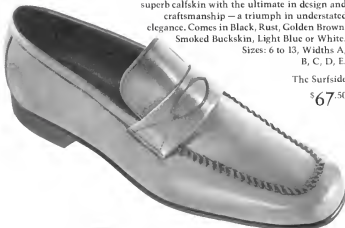
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WHICH SPEAKERS ARE BEST?

The sensible way to buy speakers is to listen to the ones you're considering. A-B test the two favorites by listening to music back and forth between the two. (Keep the volume level the same and the louder speaker will fool you and the louder speaker will always be the better one.)

Most turntables are driven by the indirect method, whereby the motor is turned either by a belt or by a gear train. The most sophisticated units employ the direct drive method which eliminates the belt or gear train by coupling the motor to the platter.

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However, at one time, owning a Yamaha stereo system tended to be a rather expensive proposition. Our "ultimate" system, for example, hailed by the critics for such innovations as Vertical-FET circuitry and beryllium dome speakers, carried a suggested retail price of over \$7,000.

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The Speakers: By the careful refin-

ment of proven acoustic and electronic engineering principles, Yamaha's NS-2 reveals the sound quality of many larger, more expensive speakers.

The NS-2's soft dome tweeter and high compliance, foam surrounded woofer (the same design principles featured in our superlative NS-690 speaker) offer excellent high frequency dispersion as well as clean, accurate bass reproduction.

Undereath the NS-2's removable grille cloth, quality construction is evident in the fully finished front cabinetry.

The Headphones: Yamaha's patented new Orthodynamic design HP-2 combines the smooth highs of the best electrostatic headphones with the full, rich bass of the best dynamic types.

In addition, the HP-2 features comfortable featherlight styling by famous Italian designer Mario Bellini.

An Introduction to Stereo. Chances are, when it comes to understanding terms like watts, dBs and signal-to-noise ratios, you're probably a little confused. So we've prepared a booklet that explains the basics of the world of sound.

Appropriately enough, it's titled "An Introduction to Stereo."

To get your free copy, just send us the coupon.

Then, once you know the basics, visit your local Yamaha audio dealer. His knowledgeable salesmen and extensive demonstration facilities can save you a great deal of time and money in helping you select a system. And his first-class service will keep you happy.

So talk to your Yamaha audio dealer. His experience and your ears make the perfect introduction to stereo.

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YAMAHA

Fear

quickly went broke. Then Jensen was hospitalized with appendicitis. She visited him, and they decided to try it again. The second marriage barely survived three years. This time it was Jackie who got the divorce.

Badly shaken by this second failure at marriage, Jensen plunged with no better luck into a succession of business ventures. A promised auto dealership in Carson City, Nev., failed before it ever began. He invested in a golf course, then sold out. He worked part-time as the baseball coach at the University of Nevada and dabbled in local broadcasting. Finally, in 1966, Jensen found himself short of cash, and sold out his interest in the Bow & Bell to Erb. The transaction in all of its various and, it seems, unnecessary complexities was nearly fatal to their long friendship, which was repaired only this year.

Separated from Zoe Ann, Jensen went to work in 1967 as a TV sportscaster on KTVN in Reno. The producer of the show was a quick-witted, lively divorcee named Katharine Cortesi. A Virginian eight years younger than Jensen, she was educated in Europe, spoke several languages and was as well-traveled as he was not. For 10 years she had been an illustrator and assistant editor at *Harper's Bazaar* in New York. She had come to Reno for a divorce, had become enraptured with the mountain scenery and easygoing pace, and had decided to stay on. She and Jensen began dating. They were an unlikely pair, the down-at-the-heels has-been athlete and the cosmopolitan, but they were well matched. They still are.

Katharine coaxed out Jensen's intellectual potential, exposing him to art, literature and desert exploration. More significant, she restored his courage, bolstered his flagging self-confidence and gave him a sense of proportion. In February 1968, in a ceremony performed in a ranch house by a one-armed justice of the peace, they were married. It was hardly the wedding of the century. After the ceremony the newlyweds quaffed a nuptial beer and went back to work at the television station.

Their home was the gamekeeper's cottage on a dude ranch operated by friends, in the foothills of the Sierras. Deer grazed in their backyard, coyotes howled at night, the scent of pine was pervasive. In this idyllic setting life seemed to be

continued

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Fear Continued

taking another turn in Jensen's favor.

Then, on March 26, 1969, Jensen was conducting baseball practice on the University of Nevada diamond, shouting encouragement to his mostly inept clergies, when he felt a pressure in his chest. It was mild at first, then suddenly it became crushing. As the pain worsened, his arm went numb. He had one of his players drive him to the hospital in Reno. He collapsed there with a heart attack. The perfect body had broken down. Jensen was 42 years old.

He remained in the hospital for 10 days, then sailed for the Italian Riviera, where he recuperated in style at a villa belonging to Katharine's baronesse aunt. After six weeks Jensen returned to the U.S. and accepted temporary work as a coach of Red Sox rookies in Jamestown, N.Y. Though he had hopes of staying in the team's minor-league system, the Sox did not offer him a permanent job. He returned to Reno, unemployed again, apprehensive anew, his health precarious, his prospects bleak. The TV deals were finished, the university could not pay him more than a pittance for coaching, and he felt unwanted. "At 43 I had to start all over again," he says. "I was qualified only as a baseball man. I couldn't find a job. Katharine had to go back to work. People wouldn't believe me when I told them I was broke. Once I tried to get a job as a janitor. They laughed at me. 'Oh, c'mon Jack,' they said. 'You, Jackie Jensen, a janitor? You gotta be kidding.' I wasn't."

In 1971 he was hired by Nevada Governor Mike O'Callaghan as a deputy director in the State Office of Economic Opportunity. The job paid \$12,000 a year, and Jensen was happy to take it. His troubles had left him introspective, self-analytical, aware of the strange turns fortune can take. In a relatively brief lifetime, he had been famous and forgotten, wealthy and poor, healthy and near death. He began to put the pieces together, and he discovered his problems were not unique.

"I could see that millions of other people had gone through what I had—divorce, illness, financial struggles, starting all over. I began to think of the good times I'd had, of how lucky I had been, of the people I had gotten to know. I began to think that people should be envious of me. At the time, we were making do with little income, but we were

Continued

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APRIL MENSWEAR REPORT



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Fear

happy. We had the solitude, the quietness and the freshness of the desert."

He and Katharine amassed a collection of Indian artifacts. He read "everything I could get my hands on." He was enjoying life, strengthened, not weakened, by the knowledge of its ephemerality. "When you have a heart attack, you realize you won't live to be 90. You learn to be thankful for each new day," Jensen says. He began attending classes at the University of Nevada and, at 44, completed the remaining 17 units for the degree in rhetoric he had passed up at Berkeley 22 years earlier.

Then his job was phased out because of budget cutbacks, and from January to June of 1973 Jensen again found himself with little to do except indulge his new passion for reading. On June 15 his telephone rang. He set aside his book and answered. It was Maggard, inquiring if he would be interested in returning to Berkeley as baseball coach. This was the strangest twist of all, he told himself. He was being asked to go back to where it all started. He said yes.

On a brisk February day last year, the beginning of his second season as coach, the ex-Golden Boy, Cal's greatest athlete, wandered the steep slopes of the Berkeley campus wearing a sandwich board advertising BALL GAME TODAY! He belted the news through a blue and gold megaphone, the sound of his baritone voice halting curious students on their way to classes. There were not many that day who knew who he was, that he was not only a coach but also a legend. Jensen joined his audience in laughter. He was making a spectacle of himself, but in a good cause: promoting attendance for his baseball team. There were a few there who did remember another Jensen. This, surely, was not the same man. They were right—he was not.

"Wearing that sandwich board took more moral courage than I thought any man had," said Truck Cullom, Jensen's old teammate and friend. "I couldn't imagine someone like Jack doing it. People used to think he was aloof, conceited. Hell, how can a guy be that good, and not be conceited? The thing is, Jack never was, and he isn't now. He's just one helluva human being."

In the batting cage down the right-field line at Cal's Evans Field, a thin boy wearing glasses, shoulder-length hair, a sweat

continued

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APRIL MENSWEAR REPORT



Sears

The Men's Store

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Disposable filter casings, made possible through the use of a strong, clear plastic, save precious time.

casing and filter and unpackaged fresh, sterile replacements.

The new casings have even helped hospitals save money, by spending more efficiently.

The valuable time of hospital employees is no longer taken up in the time-consuming handling of the stainless steel casings.

A need creates a solution.

Today, casings made of K-resin plastic are used in hospitals all over the country.

And the crucial hours once spent on the sterilization of casings have now become scant minutes.

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The Performance Company

Fear

shirt, fatigue pants and, improbably, kneepads, is swinging ineffectually at baseballs propelled at him by a pitching machine. It is late afternoon, warm and clear, and the setting sun has turned nearby Hammon Gym a deep orange. Church steeples appear above the left-field fence, and the Campanile, its bells tolling for homecoming students, rises in the distance.

Jensen, wearing a blue warmup jacket and a gray road uniform, watches the young batsman. The boy is a "walk-on" candidate for his baseball team, a player of limited experience and with almost no chance of even winning a position on the junior varsity squad. And yet Jensen watches him as if he were a potential batting champion. The coach looks sturdy, ruddy. His health is good, and he is only a few pounds over his old playing weight.

"I'm not a sentimentalist," he says, "but I have such a warm feeling about being back here. It's not that people remember me. Oh, sure, some of the parents do, because I guess I was as famous then as some of the superstars are now. But the kids really don't know me. And that's the way it should be. I don't live in the past. Right now I couldn't be happier. It's a beautiful day, and we're playing a little baseball."

The boy misses a pitch, so Jensen steps into the cage. "You've got to open up your hips and be quick with those hands, son," he says, then flicks his thick wrists. The boy, whose exposure to this professional advice will become apparent only in intramural softball games, watches gratefully as Jensen, with effortless, powerful swings, makes perfect contact. "See, no extra motion. Keep it short and sweet."

Jensen steps out of the cage, first patting the youngster on his thin shoulders. He is smiling about something. "There's an assistant coach, a young man, who maybe summed me up best," Jensen says. "He'd see me coming in from practice every day with a big smile on my face, and he'd look kind of puzzled. Then one day he spoke up, 'Coach,' he said to me, 'don't you ever have bad moods?' Now, I don't know whether or not he was implying that I was an idiot for being so cheerful, but I took him seriously. Bad moods? I thought about myself and all that had happened. Bad moods? No, not now. The truth is, I just happen to think that life is pretty damn good."

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 25-April 4

PRO BASKETBALL—Coming into the final day, seventh and third place in the Atlantic Division were up for grabs between Philadelphia and Buffalo. In a head-to-head meeting, the Stars came down battered in the fourth quarter for a 107-103 victory. New York lost to Phoenix 113-97 and was out of the playoffs for the first time since 1966. Buffalo's (31-51) win over Atlanta—42 points from Ben McAdams—plus Higgins's 119-113 defeat by Boston, virtually assured the Braves the status of playoff finishers and ended any hopes the Rockets had of obtaining the Lakers Conference wild-card spot. In the Central, Cleveland slid into a tie for fourth with Washington, then cut again when the Cavaliers were beaten by Houston 99. In a game in which Charlie Scott scored 33 points. In any case, the Cavs have made the playoffs for the first time in the club's 16-year history. In the Midwest, Milwaukee captured a playoff spot by beating Kansas City 120-107, and so have the second place Pistons, the Kings having been eliminated. Fourth-place Chicago ended its eight-game losing streak, and Detroit's season-long winning streak by downing the Pistons 97-91 in overtime. In the Pacific, Los Angeles, Phoenix and Seattle were locked in combat for two playoff positions. In the 201, Washington happens, the Lakers have the league's MVP, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, winning the title of the playoffs for the fourth time.

ABA—The first-place Denver Nuggets were 2-3, losing twice to San Antonio, against the Spurs of third place in the standings. The New York Knicks, who have clinched second, proved again that when D'Ercole Jr. isn't on, neither are they, losing to Indiana 106-106 in a game in which L. J. Reed had 23 points. They then topped Kentucky 111-87 and Virginia 126-103. The fourth-place Celtics were 3-1, and Indiana, in FIBA, was handled not only by San Antonio and Denver but also by last-place Virginia, 115-112. When the playoffs start on April 8, with only St. Louis and Virginia claiming divisional championships, Kentucky will play a best-of-three series with Indiana. The winner will meet Denver in a best-of-seven semifinal, with New York and San Antonio going in as the other semifinal.

DIVING—TIM MIDORF swept the one- and three-meter springboard and the 10-meter platform events at the AAU indoor national championships at Cleveland State, the first time a diver has won all three men's events since 1967. Moore, 22, of Cincinnati, who's only made diver to be given two perfect 10s. Two judges gave him the score on the fourth dive in the three-meter. In women's competition, CYNTHIA MACINGVALE, 26, of Houston, took the one-meter springboard, JENNIFER CHANDLER, 16, of Lincoln, Ala., surfaced in the three-meter, and 15-year-old MELISSA BRILEY, of Houston, won the 10-meter platform.

GOLF—AL GEBERGER turned back Lee Trevino's charge and won the Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open for two strokes with a final-round 68 for a 164 under-par 248. The Colgate-Dough State winners' circle champagne-outside was won by JUDY RANKIN, who shot a three-under-par 283 to beat Betty Hanford by three strokes, in Palm Springs, Calif. (par-63).

HOCKEY—NHL At the end of a long season (over 60), Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal and Boston were the winners in the Patrick, Smythe, Norris and Adams Divisions, respectively. The Philadelphia line of Bobby Clarke, Reggie Leach and Phil Barber scored 141 goals, broke the 1971 record of 140 goals in a season set by Stanley's Evgeny Rodnichenko. The Ross Trophy for most points was won by Guy Lafleur of Montreal with 56 goals and 48 assists for a total of 104. The Vezina Trophy for fewest goals allowed was won by Ken Dryden of Montreal, who, with Barry Laroche, permitted only 134 goals, and Steve Dineen of Pittsburgh was the most penalized player in the league, even though his 178 penalty minutes were 162 fewer than Philadelphia's Dave Schultz had last season.

WHA—Ten of the 12 teams still in the league are participating in the playoffs. In the East, leader in standings will be joined by Cleveland and New England, leaving only Connecticut out in the wild. Toronto will be the sole Canadian Division member still, while Winnipeg, Quebec, Calgary and Edmonton have all quit. In the West, defending champion Houston will be joined by Phoenix and San Diego, which counts solely of late games and is particularly glad to be in the playoffs because "we need the money."

HORSE RACING—HONEST PLEASURE (52-101) easily won the \$152,400 1 1/4-mile Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, under Bradler Bantz in 1:47.1, three lengths in front of Giant Centaur over 225. Unlabeled ZEN (53-20), another Kentucky Derby hopeful, with Jockey Vasey Jr., edged Coast in a head-to-head in the one-mile, \$157,500 Louisiana at Aqueduct in 1:39.1.

SWIMMING—At the AAU indoor championships in Long Beach, Calif., ZOLTAN VERNASZTO of Hungary edged nearly every swimmer in the 60-meter individual medley world record with a 4:36.00 clocking (page 24).

TEENIE—EVYNNIE GODDARDING upset Chris Ivers 6-3, 2-6 in the Virginia Slims tournament at Hingham, stretching her unbeaten streak to 13 without the loss of a set and beating Ivers for the first time in a string of nine matches going back to 1975.

BASEBALL—BIRDE, DICK STEWART, 28, an Oakland coach at Fordham University, already seasons as an assistant at the University of Oregon, RULED By a U.S. District Court judge in San Francisco, that former Viking and former Quarterback REX KARP is not entitled to damages in an antitrust suit against the NFL.

SIGNED By the Washington Redskins Running Back CALVIN HILL. He played six years with the Dallas Cowboys before being traded to the NFL franchise of the NFL. Co-Chairman Reginald Wade Revere (D-MARSHALL), another NFL country, was signed by the Detroit Lions.

TRADED NFL trading began with a flurry at Green Bay with first-round Quarterback JOHN HADL, two-time All-Pro Cornerback KEN LILLY and two draft choices from last year, one sent to Houston for backup Quarterback LYNN ORKLEY, who threw only four passes last year. The Bears also acquired the rights from the Washington Redskins to ex-convict-turned Running Back DUANE THOMAS, who played briefly with the NFL. Bears, in return for the rights to Linebacker STEVE MANSFIELD, who played with Birmingham of the NFL. San Francisco traded Quarterback STEVE NUNBERG to Tampa Bay for former Ram Wide Receiver WILLIE MCGEE and ex-Oakland Lineman BILLCE BROWN. The Bears traded the Buccaneers in last year's expansion draft to Philadelphia a second-round draft choice, Ed Middle Linebacker NEVIN BENSON was traded to the Redskins an eighth-round draft pick, and Cole Defense Back MIKE WASHINGTON went to the Bears for a third-round choice. Cincinnati Bengals traded DANNY NELSON signed up in Philadelphia in exchange for third-round Quarterback BILL FRIEL. P. Adam Long (P. Trenton) in Tampa Bay for the expansion draft, Buffalo gave up a second defensive end when they traded veteran WALT FAULKNER to St. Louis for a second-round pick. Oakland swapped Linebacker MIKE DENNEY for San Diego Linebacker FRANKLIN TATE. Veterans Defensive End COY HALEN was shipped from San Diego to Cincinnati for Wide Receiver CHARLIE JOHNSON, and the Chargers sent Quarterback BOBBY ENGLISH to the Redskins a second-round pick.

NEW—New Orleans for Linebacker ROCK MIDDLETON, OIED JULIAN A. BLACK, 29, emergency with the late John Rothgast of New Jersey in Chicago.

CREDITS

23. Jerry Cooke, Tex., 10:01.00 24. Marv, 28-29
25. George Long, Long, 10:01.00 26. Marv, 28-29
27. Jerry Cooke, 20. Ben Ray, 20. 28. Marv, 28-29
29. Marv, 28-29 30. Ben Ray, 20. 31. Marv, 28-29
32. Marv, 28-29 33. Ben Ray, 20. 34. Marv, 28-29
35. Marv, 28-29 36. Ben Ray, 20. 37. Marv, 28-29
38. Ben Ray, 20. 39. Marv, 28-29 40. Marv, 28-29
41. Marv, 28-29 42. Ben Ray, 20. 43. Marv, 28-29
44. Marv, 28-29 45. Ben Ray, 20. 46. Marv, 28-29
47. Marv, 28-29 48. Ben Ray, 20. 49. Marv, 28-29
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53. Marv, 28-29 54. Ben Ray, 20. 55. Marv, 28-29
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89. Marv, 28-29 90. Ben Ray, 20. 91. Marv, 28-29
92. Marv, 28-29 93. Ben Ray, 20. 94. Marv, 28-29
95. Marv, 28-29 96. Ben Ray, 20. 97. Marv, 28-29
98. Marv, 28-29 99. Ben Ray, 20. 100. Marv, 28-29

FACES IN THE CROWD



CEDRIC OLIVER posed Harrison College to its first basketball title ever, the ECAC Upstate Regional Tournament for Divisions II and III at Ulster, N.Y. A freshman, Oliver set a school single-season scoring record of 483 points, averaging 19.3 per game.



SUZIE BRASHEAR, 15, of Holladay, Utah, won the Junior World Figure Skating championship held in Megève, France. Competing against 25 contestants, Suzie finished first in school figures, second in the short program and first in the free skate program.



MITCH LAMONE, girls' basketball coach at Midway High in Waco, Texas, has led his team to three state titles in the past four years and was undefeated the last two. Since 1969 his record is 230-14. He also coached the girls' track team to the 1975 AAA state championship.



GARY HANSEN, a senior right wing on the Gustavus Adolphus College hockey team, established two school career records: 121 goals and 206 points. Hansen was an NAIA and American Hockey Coaches Association All-America the last two seasons.



RICKY STEWART, a junior at Duran (Okla.) High, won his second straight state AAA 157-pound wrestling title. After two variety setups, Ricky is 57-0-1 and has a 25-match win streak in freestyle, he is an all-conference and all-area fullback and defensive end.



ROBERT A. HOLMES, 26, of Atlanta, set three state age-group records in winning the 25-yard breaststroke (22:7.75) and freestyle (14:8.1) and 100-yard individual medley (1:46.5) during the Georgia YMCA swimming championships at Moultrie.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

HIDDEN GOLD

Sir:

My compliments to Curry Kirkpatrick for introducing the Denver Nuggets to us (*They Ran and They Gam— and They're a Mile High*, March 29). It's hard to believe that in this day and age a major sports league can go unrecognized by television and the daily press. Three pure-gold cheers for SI.

GARY COHEN

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir:

To a dyed-in-the-wool Chicago Bulls, Black Hawks, Bears and Cubs fan, a transfer to Denver brought certain frustrations: minor league baseball (Bears), a defunct WHA entry (Spurs), and wait-til-next-year football (Broncos). But, oh, those Nuggets!

David, Dan, Ralph, Bobby and Larry hooked me when they destroyed the Celtics in the preseason. Sure, we know what we've got in the Nuggets. For the pure fan, that should be enough. Nonetheless, Curry Kirkpatrick provided a clear summation of the Nuggets and the ABA.

ERIC B. MUNSON

Englewood, Colo.

ICY REPLIES

Sir:

After reading your article on ice shows (*Skating Rings Around America*, March 29), I can only conclude that nobody likes us but "the people." My personal thanks to all those wonderful people.

JILL SHIPSTAD

Soloist

Holiday On Ice

Minneapolis

Sir:

Your article on ice shows was terribly negative. SI barely gives figure skating a nod, despite the stunning athletic ability the skaters often exhibit. Add to that superb grace under pressure. Figure skating is evolving into an increasingly complex mix of gymnastics and artistic interpretation. It is hard to believe that those who skate lack a sense of exultation when all goes well in a performance, as the article implies. Surely the audience does not feel all the delight.

CLAUDIA MONEY LUCKETT

Clarksdale, Miss.

Sir:

Frank Deford states, "... largely because of their [ice shows'] popularity here and

abroad, ice dancing was included for the first time in the 1976 Olympics," and later adds, "The embracing of ice dancing by the Olympics was a rare endorsement for ice shows."

His implication that ice shows and ice dancing are one and the same could not be farther from the truth. In fact, *pairs* skating has more in common with an ice-show routine than ice dancing does, because of the restrictions placed upon the latter concerning lifts, spins, jumps and separations.

Ice dancing has been an integral part of the national and world championships for many years now, and its Olympic acceptance is because of its immense popularity as a championship event, not because of any ice show extravaganzas. Allow me to suggest that the next time you do an article on skating, you choose a writer who has at least mastered double-runners.

HOWARD BURTON JR.

Staten Island, N.Y.

SPLIT OLYMPICS

Sir:

I'm pleased to see you publicize the proposal to split the Olympics (*SCORECARD*, March 29). It's an idea whose time came some years ago. Unfortunately, the time has not yet come for the International Olympic Committee, and the world's greatest sporting event continues to suffer from a worn-out format.

We have advocated splitting the Games for at least 10 years. And we would not stop with scheduling events in a number of different cities within the host country. The Olympic competitions should be held in a number of different countries and should be distributed throughout the four-year period that is called an Olympiad.

The advantages are several. The Games no longer would be too big and too costly for one city to hold. Many more cities and countries could host events. Interest in the Olympics would be more or less continuous. Athletes would benefit from less overall pressure while at the same time seeing more attention focused on each sport, one at a time. And the number of Olympic sports could be increased.

Whatever may be lost by such a program is of small matter compared to the gains. And it may be the only way this truly great and worthwhile event can be saved.

BERT NELSON
Editor and Publisher
Track & Field News

Los Altos, Calif.

continued

The "typical" American driver:

5'7" or 5'11",
he can adjust
his steering
wheel to size
(That's the
long and short
of comfort.)

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suggests that he
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10TH HOLE *continued*

CLOSED OLYMPICS

Sir:

If Jonty Skinner (*He's Making a Games Try*, March 29) is a man without a country, why can't he swim in the Olympic Games that way? He ought to be able to represent himself, without carrying a flag or wearing some nation's Olympic patch on his sweat suit. The Olympics are supposed to be contests among individuals, not countries.

RAY THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

FAR FROM THE RANGE

Sir:

Sarah Pileggi's article concerning Winter Place Farm in Salisbury, Md. (*LA Kingdom for My Horse*, March 29) was very informative. I never realized there were such facilities for show horses. They are bathed in tiled whirlpools, ridden in rings luxuriously appointed with pine-paneled walls and crystal chandeliers and housed in their own barns. It's a shame that the average American can't live in such lavish surroundings.

J. R. HELLMAN

New York City

SHEDDING LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

Sir:

THE LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER in the March 29 issue was fascinating. I have often marveled at the quality of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* photography, and knowing how it is done only heightens my admiration.

RODNEY J. HAYNOR

Sunfield, Mich.

JOHNNY LONGDEN'S RECORD

Sir,

In reference to Tommy Nakagawa's letter (March 29), Tommy is right and you are wrong. You are cheating John Longden out of six lifetime victories when you state that he rode only 6,026 winners.

I talked to Johnny personally and he told me that he had ridden 6,032 winners and showed me the proof in a résumé of his victories listed in B. K. Beckwith's book *The Longden Legend*. Please check again.

DAVID H. O'BRIEN

Assistant Stable Superintendent
Los Angeles Turf Club

Arcadia, Calif.

• A total of 6,032 winners is correct. SI got the figure of 6,026 from the *The American Racing Manual*, which records only North American races. Longden rode the "missing" six winners in Australia, England, Ireland and Scotland. —ED.

THE PLAYGROUND GAME

Sir:

In SCORECARD (March 13) Marquette Coach Al McGuire reiterates the persistent myth that most playground basketball con-

continued

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As I Did It

by MARK DONOVAN

DARTER'S FLING AT THE U.S. OPEN ENDS WITH AN ARROW TO HIS MARROW

Conversation overheard in the gallery during the first round of the eighth annual U.S. Open Darts Championship:

A stranger: Who are you rooting for in this match?

My friend Mark Donovan. How about you?

Stranger: I'm for Downman, too. Friend: How come?

Stranger: I hear he throws good darts.

I didn't even pay the guy to say that. Either he was confusing me with someone else, was sadly misinformed or had a strange definition of good darts. Whatever his problem, mine was painfully clear—here I was playing in the national championship, the U.S. Open. Granted, the Grand Ballroom of New York's Commodore Hotel is not exactly Forest Hills or Pebble Beach, but a U.S. Open is a U.S. Open.

My qualifications were suspect, to say the least. I had been playing darts for slightly less than a year. My apartment features a well-worn Winmau bristle board that has received some good, bad and, mostly, indifferent darts. Most evenings I can be found in the neighborhood dart pub supplying the other patrons with beer. Yes, I had thrown a dart or two. But the U.S. Open? It was rather like tossing an 18-handcupper in with Nicklaus, Miller & Co.

But spurred on by an unfounded feeling that I might do passably well, I appeared at the Commodore with my partner Sten. Sten and I were appropriately decked out in nicely clashing vests, and we carried our darts in a tidy little pack. We spoke knowledgeably of "mugs away," "bed and breakfast" and "three in a bed." It was all a lot of hot air.

The scene that greeted us in the Grand Ballroom was impressive. Almost 1,000 people were milling about. Darters are a lively lot, and beer and whiskey were selling briskly at 10:30 in the morning. As in bowling leagues, the backs of shirts

proudly proclaimed the wearer's allegiance: JOE T'S ORIGINALS, MOTHER'S RINGERS, THE IMMORTALS, THE CROOKED DART STRAIGHT SHOOTERS. There was an endless variety of darts, ranging from expensive tungstens to poor man's brass.

Since I had attended the previous year's Open, I recognized most of the notables. Conrad Daniels, the defending champ, stood throwing his tiny basement-sized darts; Bob Thiede, the 1971 champion, was there, attempting a comeback after a near-fatal car accident. So was the infamous Tex, his black cowboy hat at a rakish angle and his dart pouches hanging at his hips like holsters. Tex wore his string tie, charmed the press and kissed all the ladies. Some things never change. I ran into Joe, a regular at my neighborhood pub. One evening Joe was so displeased with a toss that he decided to vent his anger on the board. He attacked that Winmau with such vigor that he broke his throwing arm. The next night Joe was back, his darts tucked in his sling, throwing with his other hand.

What were Sten and I doing in this congregation of 634 dedicated dartersmen? Sure we had paid our entry fees (\$15 each for singles, \$20 for doubles), but that was about it. Shouldn't we have had to pass some sort of dart proficiency test? Apparently not, since we were soon called to Board 17 for our first match. I had to be revived with smelling salts when I spied our opponents, Joe Baltadonis, 1972 national champion, and Nicky Virachkul, last year's runner-up in the Open. "That's like entering an archery contest against Robin Hood," said a friend. Indeed, Virachkul wore a black velvet vest with the words ROBIN HOODS—the name of one of New York's best teams—stenciled on the back.

Suddenly I was nervous. The butterflies I remembered from college squash matches returned, and it was impossible to keep my hand steady. It wasn't a lark anymore. This was serious stuff; we were up against the best, and we were about to make fools of ourselves.

We lost the toss, and it was downhill from there. The match was two out of three games, and it lasted just 11½ minutes. We were bad, but not pitiful; they were good, but not great. In the second game Virachkul needed two bull's-eyes—which he made—on one turn to wrap it up, and as he stepped up to the line I noticed that Baltadonis was putting his

darts away. That's what I call confidence.

I was brooding over our loss in the bar when news reached me of my first-round draw in the singles. As I buried my head in my arms, a casual observer might have assumed I lacked a winning attitude. But one of my supporters was there to reassure me. "Well, there's always next year," he said. A few well-placed words of encouragement were all I needed. Actually I may have been overreacting. Although an able and respected darter, my opponent was not a former champion or anything like that.

The standard match in the Open is two out of three games of 501, straight start, double finish. Each player begins with 501 points and works his way backward toward zero. In order to win, a player must finish exactly at zero and do it by placing a dart in the double band that rings the board. For example, with 32 remaining, one needs a double 16. If one misses and throws an 8, leaving 24, then a double 12 is required. And so on.

I skillfully lost the toss, allowing my opponent to go first. He went out to a quick lead, but I threw a 123 (treble 20, treble 1, treble 20) to close the gap. He came right back at me with a 121 and went out on the next turn. Dartsed again! The game had lasted four minutes.

Game 2 was close, and my darts improved as my confidence grew. On the seventh turn I threw "a lon" (100 points) to take the lead. My opponent countered with a "buck 40" (140 points), but I was given a reprieve when he surprisingly was unable to go out from double 20. From 76, a double 20 got me down to 36. I needed a double 18, but my attempt drifted into a 4, and I was left with 32. The longer I stared at that sliver of green indicating double 16, the smaller it got, so I just fired away. That final dart looked mighty true, but it hit on the wrong side of the wire, millimeters from victory. "Tough dart," muttered Sten. My opponent went out on his next turn, and it was a veritable dart in my heart, an arrow in my marrow.

That ended my quest for the \$2,000 first prize and the trip to England for the world championship. That honor went to Tony Money from Cleveland, and he deserved it. After all, he beat the guy who beat the guy, etc. who beat me.

Now where's that stranger who said I threw good darts? Maybe he'd like to play for a beer. END

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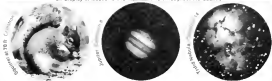


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19TH HOLE continued

ins of a bunch of fun-loving kids comprising "just for the joy of playing," with little emphasis on winning. Experience as a player and teacher leads me to the opposite conclusion: that most of the playground games are in deadly earnest and can become almost masochistic rites for the participants. The extreme level of ego involvement in these games is evidenced by the highly individualistic styles of play. "One-on-one" is the order of the day. Nobody "gives it up." Everybody "puts it up." Defense consists primarily of attempts to make your opponent "eat his lunch" when he tries to shoot.

What is more, the two best players seldom oppose one another, for one would then have to lose. So sides are chosen by methods which ensure that the better players are on the same team. The game is almost always "make-it-take-it", which allows for humintually large margins of victory. The highly personal nature of each player's involvement makes winning different, but hardly less important for the people involved. The self-identity of each is new at stake.

So enough about the "puny" of the playground game. It seems far more likely that Coach McGuire's program attracts the winners of the playground system. They are the ones who "go down to the corner and have hot dogs and a Coke." The losers are still in the court, looking desperately for someone they can beat. "In your face." Al

Terese Wiegman

Austin, Texas

COSTLY FREE THROWS

544

Frank G. Pollack suggested in his letter (March 8) that if Michigan had not had to shoot a one-and-one free throw after Indiana committed its seventh personal foul of the second half, the Wolverines would not have lost that game. This may be true, but his idea of giving a team the choice of shooting a free throw or keeping the ball makes no sense. If he would like to see a rules change, then let the colleges adopt the NBA free-throw rule that gives the shooting team two-to-lose or three-to-lose. This better serves the purpose of penalizing the team that fouled.

Dana M. BULOGH

Bedford, Ohio

Suzanne

I found Frank Pollock's recommendation for a change in basketball's foul rule during the last two minutes of each half somewhat misguided. Giving a team the option of keeping the ball would make it virtually impossible to break a stall. As it is, the stalling team may have to rely on its skill and pose at the free-throw line to maintain a lead, rather than just having to throw the ball inbounds again and again following a foul. The scenarios coming out of a good stall at the end

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By JULIA WALL ST

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10TH HOLE *continued*

of a close game can be exciting, especially with the pressures and possibilities presented by having a team at the line in a tense situation. The real solution would have been for Michigan to make its free throw.

ERIC ZEIGLER

Tacoma, Wash.

FEMINE APPELLATIONS

Sir:

I was amused by your question about a female athlete at Texas Christian University. "Does she really want to be called a Horned Frog?" (SCORECARD, March 22)

The answer is yes, she does. That may sound strange, but when I was sports editor of the student newspaper I made the mistake of referring to female athletes at the university as Frogettes, and the roof came down. Letters poured in from every corner of the campus complaining about my word choice. The girls wanted to be called Horned Frogs, just like the male athletes.

Liberated females! We have them at Texas Christian. But tell me, does a woman athlete at Arkansas want to be called a Pig?

TOM BLAKE

Fort Worth

Sir:

First Ladies! That's cute! Since when is the word "President" masculine? Washington & Jefferson has no switch to make.

ANN KATZ

Macedonia, Ohio

JEK STUART, POSSUM

Sir:

The article *His Time Has Come* (March 3) was the best story on possums I have ever read. But the part about my husband Horace and me was a bit inaccurate. We are from Columbus, Georgia, not Columbus, Ohio. We traveled 140 miles to get a replacement for our pet possum Panky Pooch, which died. We bought a possum (Jek Stuart) from Dr. Kent Johns for \$50 at that show. He was not as small as the article indicated, as he was seven months old. He won a blue ribbon that night for first place in his age group in the boar category, and he placed third in the World's Best Show Possum competition. I wish you would set the record straight, as we are planning on breeding and selling possums. We are in the process of getting a female possum now. Jek Stuart is a pretty possum. His hair is soft like a kitten, not like possums of old. We are proud of him and hope he wins World's Best Show Possum next October.

DOROTHY GOODMAN

Columbus, Ga.

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